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Vol. CCVI, No. 2684
JULY 21, 1951

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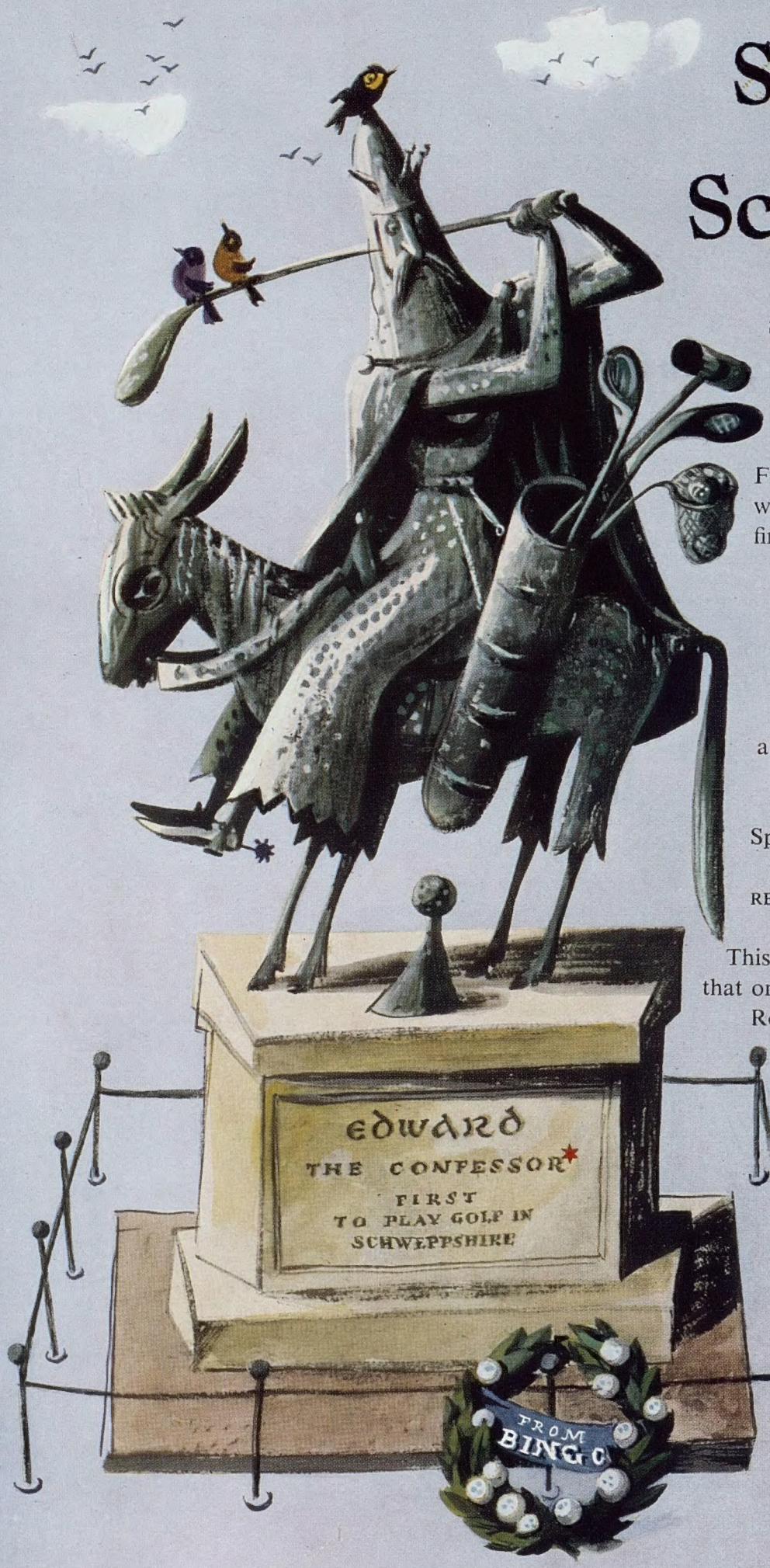



# SPORT in Schweppshire

Sport in Schweppshire is completely dominated by golf, where it was first played on the Border by Edward the Confessor. Football originated in the typical Schweppshire habit of kicking Opponent's ball into a bad lie.

Fishing devolved from the impoverished lads who dived for golf-balls in the stream guarding the first green at Royal Mid-Schweppshire: and Schwepsom Downs reminds us that horse racing stems from polo and that polo itself originated in the Schweppshire custom of playing golf on mules.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES. Holes done in one: this feat has been performed 984 times but at the tenth hole only, which measures 6,012 yards.

A putter is used from the 10th tee at the top of Ben McSchwiddie (or Old Spout) to push the ball to the soup-plate green at the bottom of the precipice.

RECORDS (the August Sugar-Tongs, 18 holes Medal). The record in 1485 was 128. This became 193 in 1760, when " Oh, do let me have that one again " was banned. In 1789, no play (French Revolution). But in 1803 the record was lowered to 102, when shuttlecocks were substituted for the old ball (composed of dried milk pudding in skin).

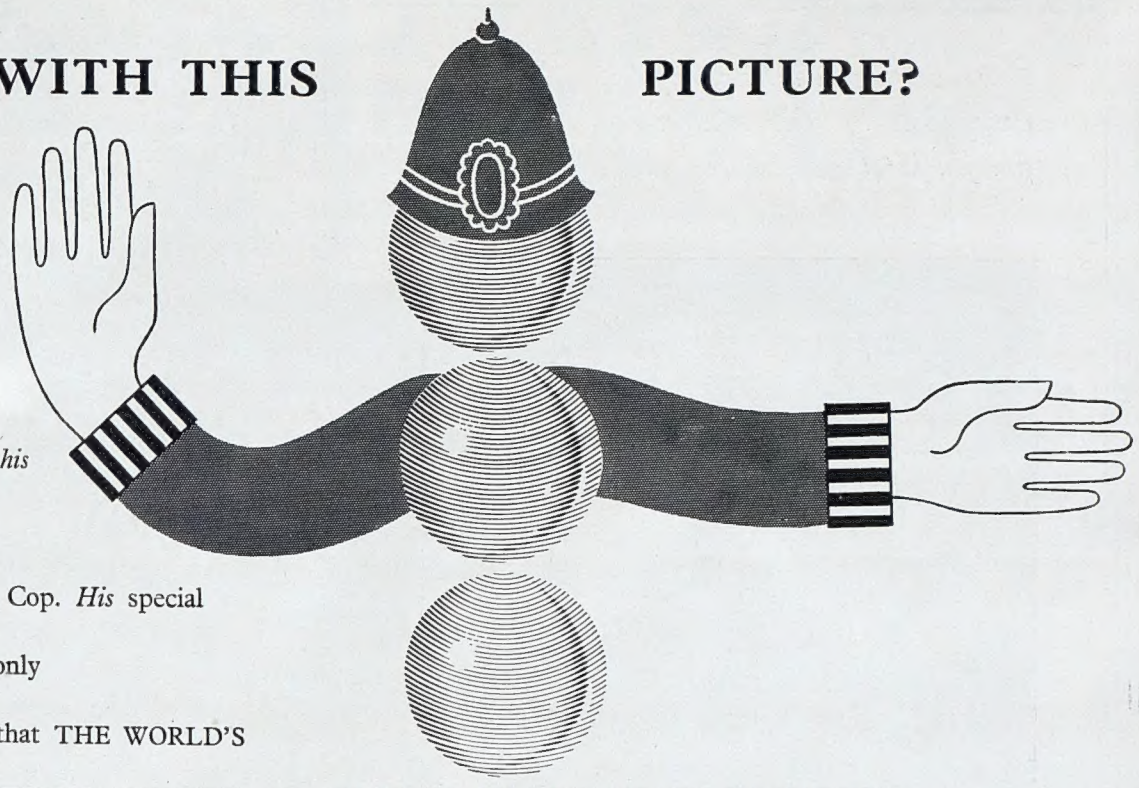
In 1926 the record was lowered to 72 (America discovers black and white golf shoes) and it became 62 in 1950 owing to imaginative interpretation of " Ball Deemed Unplayable ". (New Rules, Royal and Senile).

Our great source for early history is Samuel Schwepys, famous diarist of the Schweppenteenth Century.

*Written by Stephen Potter*
*Drawn by Lewitt-Him*

* *He confessed, of course, after a medal round, that he took 9 not 6 shots in a bunker.*

# WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THIS PICTURE?



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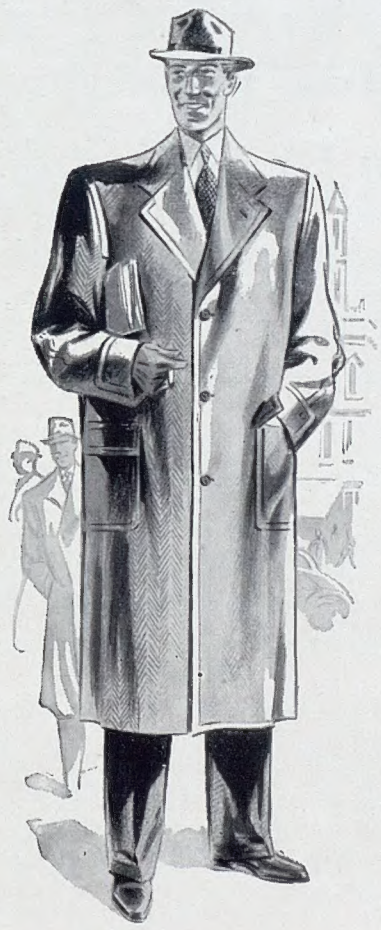

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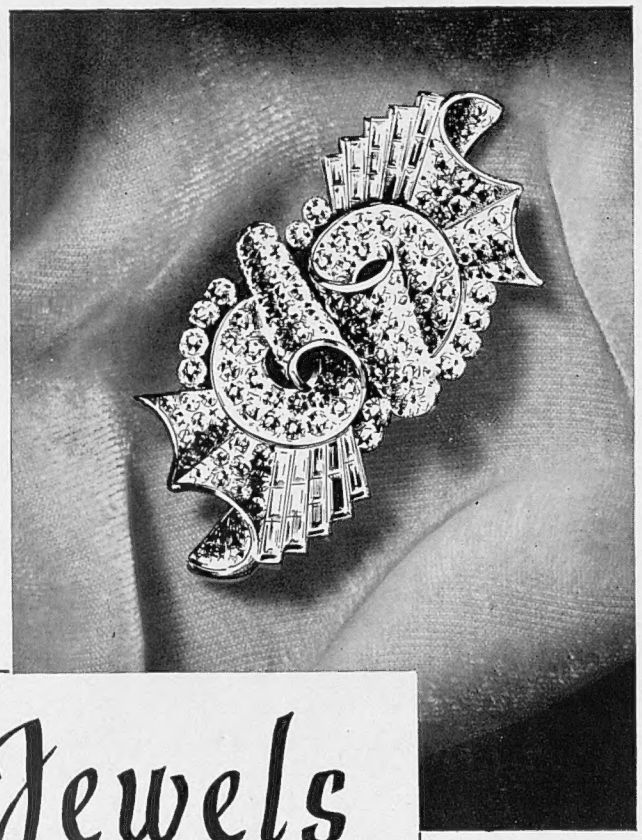

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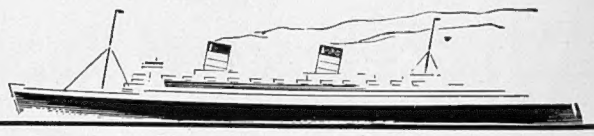

*THE "QUEENS"—LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS IN THE WORLD*

Volume CCVI No. 2684

The SPHERE, London, July 21, 1951

# The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

**KING LEOPOLD III SIGNS AWAY HIS THRONE—THE FOURTH KING OF THE BELGIANS AND HIS SON, PRINCE BAUDOUIN, STANDING TOGETHER IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF LAEKEN, WHERE KING LEOPOLD PUT HIS SIGNATURE TO THE INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION LAST MONDAY: On Tuesday his twenty-year-old son took the oath and began his reign as fifth King of the Belgians. Belgium celebrated his accession with a public holiday.**

No more than 200 people were present at last Monday's ceremony in the Throne Room of the Royal Palace at Laeken when King Leopold III, acting some two months in advance of schedule and in the interests of national unity, abdicated his throne in favour of his eldest son, Prince Baudouin, who during the past year has been the Prince Royal. King Leopold, in a short address, referred to his action in surrendering to the Germans in 1940, saying: "I acted as I deemed best." Turning to his son, he declared: "My beloved Baudouin, I call on you to serve the country and preserve the honour of the dynasty as I have always done by the example of Albert my father." A notable absentee from the ceremony was King Leopold's younger brother, the former Regent Charles, who acted for five difficult years after the war. Since King Leopold's return to Belgium the brothers have not met once. King Leopold, under the new Civil List, will have an income of £42,000 a year. Prince Charles will have £28,000, and the new King will receive £250,000.

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

## The Only Way—A Tale of Two Minds.—

The Bevan boys in *One Way Only* have thought again since they made up their minds to resign. Mr. Bevan resigned because the Rearmament Programme, although inevitable, was in his view physically incapable of performance this year. The full appropriation simply couldn't be spent because the materials and the tools just weren't there. A big percentage of the allocated money would just be "thrown down the drain." That theory was well worth study and examination. Many people must have thought: "Bevan has something there." In *One Way Only* that theory goes down the drain. A new one takes its place. Rearmament on the present scale is not necessary; it is not even a priority. The only way is to tackle the causes of world unrest, and first in the Middle East and among the Asians. The order of priority for Britain is to keep the home fires burning on Bevan scales of fuel allocation and to relieve the distress of the undeveloped Asian peoples. These aims are sound and highly desirable, but the road to peace *via* happy, contented, prosperous Asian peoples is long, too long, while Europe lies naked to aggression from Russia in Eastern Germany. As to that, say the Bevan boys, the military might of Russia is grossly exaggerated, and *that* bogy is a hollow turnip. Does Bevan mean to try to sweep the party along his one-way-street when it meets in October. He doesn't say so, but he writes in that persuasive manner, and he will appeal to many who hate the cost of rearmament and the rising cost of bare living. Mr. Attlee's party will have a hard job to keep the Socialists along the stony, uphill road of 100 per cent. rearmament with ca'canny on further social benefits and further nationalisations.

## Life in the Old Dog Yet.—

Come! Poor old England is not so down and out in the world of sport. The results of a mighty sporting week in Festival Year have proved that we can still make champions, win pots and hold our own. Once only in my life have I seen star golfers perform. It was years ago, an exhibition match at West Bay, near Bridport, and the four players included Dai Rees, already growing in reputation, and a new unknown, Max Faulkner, familiar with that pretty course and remarkable for his awkward crouch when putting. Since that day, I have followed the fortunes of these two with curious interest, for they are the only two great golfers I ever saw in the flesh. Such is the effect of the personal touch. And to-day the unknown Max is a household word. Then again, polo. A few years back it was generally agreed that England could never again, with all her handicaps, come back again into prominence in international polo. Largely due to the courage, vision and determination of Lord Cowdray, that comeback is accomplished. On the lovely river ground at Cowdray, a Hurlingham side (before a quite Edwardian Hurlingham fashion parade) convincingly beat a strong Argentine team. The superb captaincy of Balding harnessed Lakin to his place at back, where he never once made a mistake, and Guinness played a great game at No. 3. The issue was never in doubt after the first few minutes. Incidentally, a note on Sussex's contribution to the Festival spirit is called for. Sussex has gone positively Edwardian. What with exhibitions, polo weeks, garden parties, dances, cricket weeks, entertainments of all kinds, the social round is more reminiscent of that last decade of privilege and peace than any year since 1913. Meanwhile, at Henley, English rowers carried off the plums, the Grand and the Diamond Sculls, against the might of Holland and Denmark, and indeed swept the board, and at Old Trafford, English cricketers convincingly won the third Test match. Finally, at Earls Court, Leamington's famous son, Turpin, after fifteen rounds of classic science and British grit, wrested from that killer, "Sugar" Robinson, the world middleweight title. Up! old England!

**ULSTER REAFFIRMS ITS FAITH IN BRITAIN—BROWN STREET, BELFAST, IS DECORATED FOR THE ANNUAL ORANGEMAN PARADE: On July 12, thousands of Orangemen again took part in the annual demonstration to reaffirm their loyalty to the Crown and Empire. Part of the celebrations included the decorating of many streets with red, white and blue bunting and flags. Although many of the banners displayed pro-British and Protestant slogans, some of them bore anti-Eire and anti-Roman Catholic propaganda. In Malvern Street, a typical working-class street, the Orangemen there built a replica of a gateway of Londonderry, the gates of which were closed against King James II during the siege of 1688. A picture of the first "Orange Walk" in Edinburgh since 1902 appears on page 87 of this issue.**

## The Game's the Thing.—

Pavilion pundits will discuss until the Leeds Test the question whether Hutton's hundredth hundred was suffered to jeopardise an English victory at Manchester, whether Ikin and Simpson ca'd canny to enable Hutton to get his record, and whether with Brown's blessing at any stage. They say that in cricket anything is possible, but I don't believe that. No, Sir. Manchester or no, storm clouds drawing near or no, I should not have expected Simpson to lash out in his first over with a few runs to make, and half a day left to make them. My puzzle was different. When the storm broke just before luncheon, the players were soaked to the skin and a couple of easy balls could have ended the match, which South Africa could not win. In village cricket, these balls would have been bowled there and then. But I take it that in Test matches, an opposing captain's sporting gesture would be unavailing against the umpire's normal rulings. Acquitting all the possible defendants without a stain on any character, I employ the old-time J.P.'s familiar *envoi*: "Not guilty and don't do it again." Records are the enemy of games.

## Said a Mouthful.—

According to *The Times*, usually a model of accuracy in reporting speeches, Mr. C. W. Curtis-Willson, President of the Newspaper Society of Great Britain, said in a speech in Sydney that the British Government's socialisation schemes had plunged the country's economy into chaos. The Government used "thieving roguery of the worst order" in taking over private enterprises. "Our railways before they were nationalised were our pride," he said. "Now they are as dirty a set as you will find. So many people are working for the State that everybody assumes they can get money for nothing by dipping into the bottomless pocket of the State. The Government will go packing at the next election. There is a shocking time coming when the succeeding Government tries to get the country back on an even keel." No doubt, Mr. Curtis-Willson "had something" there. But if he had incontrovertible evidence of the naked truth of 50 per cent. of what he said, it does not follow that he was wise in his utterances, there and then and in all the circumstances. How many a plaintiff has lost a good cause by exaggeration! How many a pleader has alienated a jury by lack of moderation in putting his case. The jury would be unwilling to accept as truth that 100 per cent. of Government employees to-day take quite the view he paints of their responsibilities. It is always possible that a member of a jury may be a Government employee. Pope was a terrible fellow for slashing an enemy or a villain. Modern critics should study Pope for the art of criticism. For Pope always started by giving the devil his due and would work up from moderation to spiflication. But I agree with Mr. Curtis-Willson that there is a shocking time coming for the next new Government when it tries to get this country and the minds of all too many of its citizens on an even keel again.

## Census Figures and Facts.

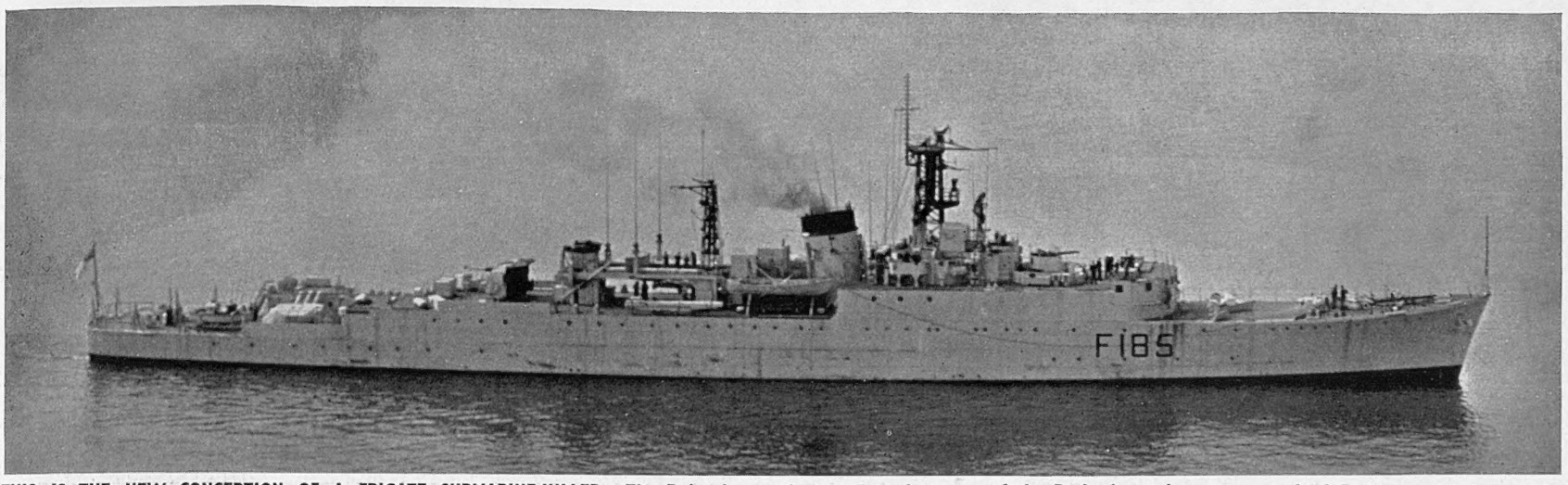
—The facts were not quite accurate. At least three people upset the returns by "individualist" gestures and were fined accordingly. But a lot of people did their duty and helped to show that in England and Wales we are thick on the ground, having 43,500,000, more people to the acre than almost anywhere on earth, 750 to the square mile. Can Belgium beat that? Or parts of India? Birmingham has become the second city of Britain, having outstripped Glasgow. There is a drift back to the land. London has declined in population, Greater London taking a bare fifth of the population of England and Wales at 8⅛ millions. Our rise in population has been small by comparison with previous rises since the industrial revolution, and, of course, in comparison with the recent fearful rises out East. There are 81 "surplus" women in every 1,000. Immigrants in the last twenty years make a figure much larger than expected. Ruislip, Chislehurst-Sidcup and Potter's Bar are the three suburbs which carry off the prizes for self-expansion, the first has more than trebled its population in twenty years. Do these statistics help to solve my former question: How much space is available to every person to-day in England on our seashore, if we all decide on the same day to break through the barbed-wire entanglements and go down to the sands with our buckets?

## His House in Order.—

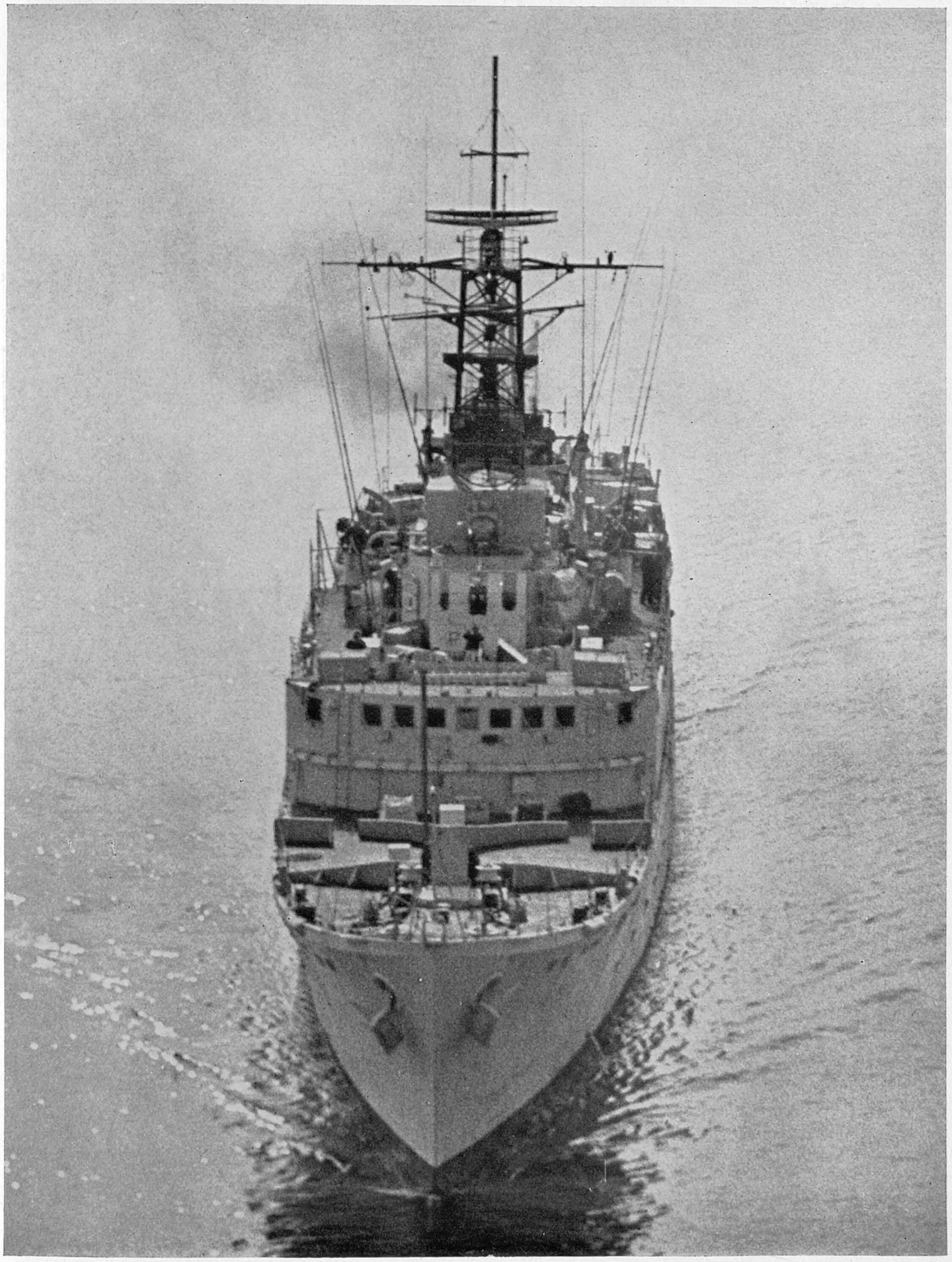
I suppose there is exactly the same argument for respecting the language and dramatic conventions of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and of Pinero's *House in Order*. Neither dramatist "understood" the jargon of 1951, imported from America and various battlefronts, nor the realistic convention of the modern dramatist and novelist which requires dialogue to be not studied prose sentences (which may be read as literature), but the ragtag, staccato exchanges of half-finished sentences punctuated with catch-words which make up dialogue even among quite educated folk. I don't mean that Elizabethans and Edwardians possessed no jargon, catchwords and staccato conversation. We know they had it and used it. But the stage convention of the day preferred that stage dialogue should aim at greater formality. If, therefore, Shakespeare is to be treated seriously in modern revivals, so must Pinero. For it is not the greatness of Shakespeare which protects him, but the remoteness of his age. With all our cleverness, we really can do little to "improve" him. But Pinero, a very competent playwright by any standard, is another thing. We knew him. We can still draw his profile from memory. And, if his language seems to-day stilted and unnatural in dialogue, we must show our audiences by mild "guying" of his lines and situations that we recognise him as a museum-piece (though quite good workmanship for those quaint old days). That won't do. Perhaps we may guy a farce of any era. Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest* is near farce, and further guying may be excused, if not justified, by results. [*N.B.*—The Victorian melodrama is still far *funnier* if played seriously and not buffooned.] But to be contemptuous of *His House in Order* is really foolish. For it is a first-rate play by all and any standards, and Pinero would have nothing to learn from our moderns.

## This Year, Next Year... Never?—

Mr. Tuohy, writing from Monaco with great restraint and courtesy, suggests that in a recent "Newsletter" I reflected on his professional acumen when I stated that he leaned to the view that 1951 might yet contain the beginning of World War III. He wishes it to be known that he offered us a choice of dates—this year, next year (and so on), or never. General Eisenhower and others have declared that 1951 must be a decisive year, and Mr. Tuohy agrees with him that 1951 will be decisive of eventual war or peace. And while prophecy, Delphic or otherwise, is under discussion, I won't hold aloof. I will prophesy that future historians will declare that 1951 was a year of transition. THE OLD STAGER




**THIS IS THE NEW CONCEPTION OF A FRIGATE SUBMARINE-KILLER: The *Relentless*, a former fleet destroyer of the Rotherham class, seen as she left Portsmouth last week-end for trials in her new capacity as an atom-age warship. The conventional bridge has been taken away, the superstructure has been streamlined, and extensive use has been made of aluminium to reduce top weight. The ship (formerly of 1,705 tons) now offers a much smaller target silhouette than in her days as a fast destroyer. *Relentless* is equipped with the latest and most secret anti-submarine weapons and detection devices. Her sister-ship *Rocket* has been similarly converted.**



# THE ATOM-AGE SHIP

*Britain's Top Secret Anti-Submarine Frigate Leaves Portsmouth on Her Trials*

With the end of the Second World War it became obvious that an entirely new technique would have to be evolved if there was ever again a war at sea, in part because of the development of rocket-firing equipment and guided missiles, and in part because of the new menace of the submarine which, equipped with underwater breathing apparatus, could remain at sea and beneath the water for much longer periods than hitherto.

On both sides of the Atlantic research in new naval techniques has been going on for some time past, and both the Royal Navy and the U.S. Navy have tended to slow up building until these techniques are better understood. For this reason Britain's 8,000-ton cruisers *Blake*, *Defence* and *Tiger* still await completion, and America's *Kentucky* is also still on the stocks.

To aid Royal Naval research in anti-submarine warfare, the Admiralty has converted into anti-submarine frigates the former Fleet destroyers *Relentless* and *Rocket*, and these are now engaged in sea trials.

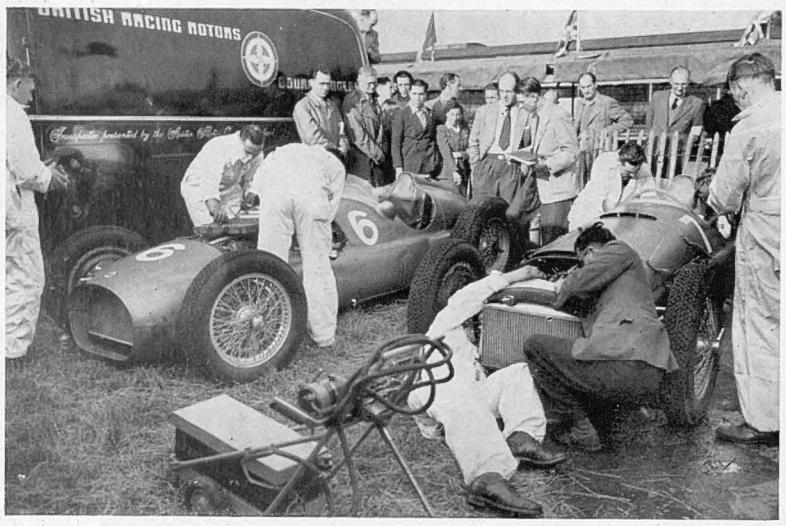
Another research ship is the *Cumberland*, once a £1,900,000 heavy cruiser, which has had her old 8-in. guns taken out and has been adapted as a weapons trials vessel. Her first task in this capacity will be to decide how the fleet is to fight the faster-than-sound jet plane.

***On left*—**
**H.M.S "RELENTLESS" HEADING OUT TO SEA: The newly-converted vessel seen as she left Portsmouth for her trials. In action practically everyone would be under cover in *Relentless*. The captain would fight the ship from the operations room, a periscope giving him an all-round view.**

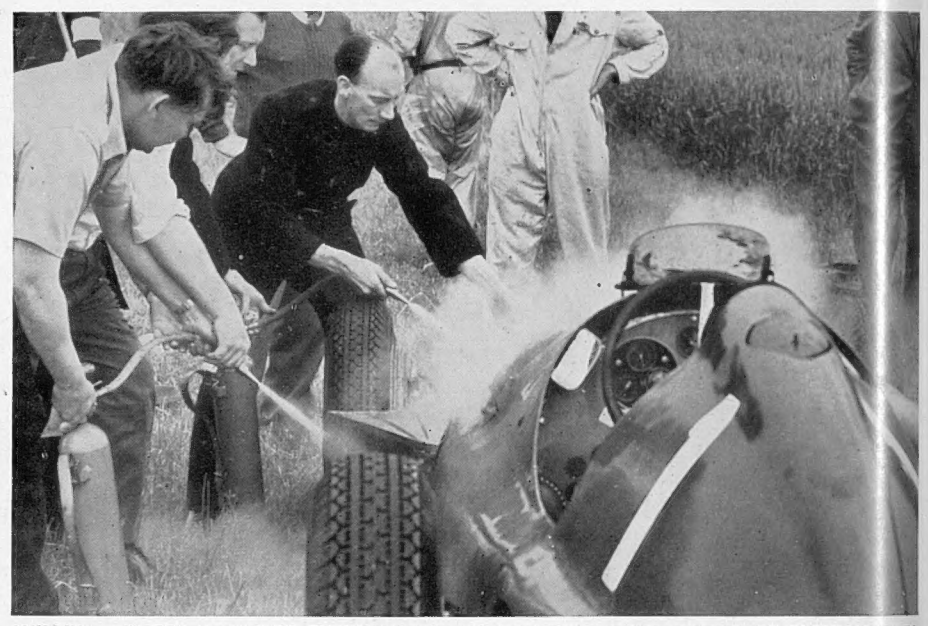
THE START OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX HELD AT SILVERSTONE, NORTHANTS, LAST SATURDAY WHEN THE B.R.M. CARS CONFOUNDED THEIR SEVEREST CRITICS : Eighteen of the twenty-five cars in this international field are seen passing the stands during the race, which was won by Gonzales in a Ferrari, with Fangio close up second, in an Alfa Romeo. The winners averaged 96 and 95 m.p.h. respectively, and the first of the B.R.M.s, driven by Reg Parnell, averaged over 90 m.p.h. without going full out. The B.R.M.s, taking part in their first important race, arrived at the last minute, and their drivers did not have the chance of a practice lap.

# THE B.R.M.s ARE DRIVEN BACK INTO PUBLIC ESTEEM

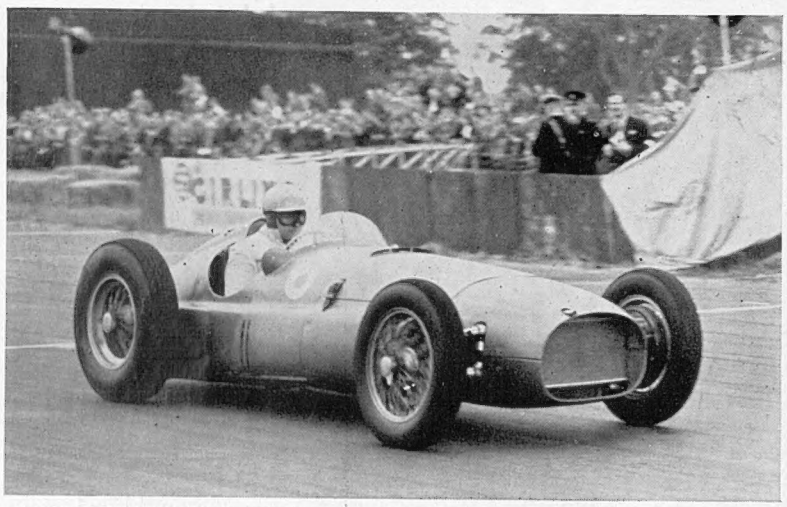
## THE BRITISH RACING CARS—NOT GOING FULL OUT—GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES IN THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX

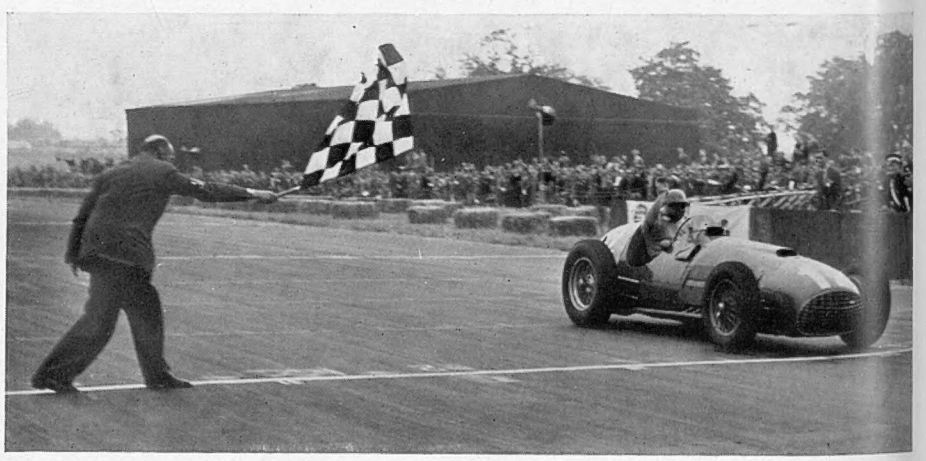



A FEVERISH STRUGGLE TO GET THE B.R.M.s ON THE TRACK : Mechanics working on the two British racing cars in the paddock shortly after their arrival at Silverstone. The cars were driven by Reg Parnell and Peter Walker, who both sustained burns during the race, but managed to keep on to the end, holding their own against Europe's fastest aces.



WILLING HELPERS PLAY FIRE EXTINGUISHERS ON TO THE BLAZING ENGINE OF FARINA'S ALFA ROMEO : For once the Alfa Romeos did not have things all their own way in an international race, the race proving a triumph for Ferraris, which took first and third places.





ALL-OUT ON THE HOME STRAIGHT : *Left*—Reg Parnell travelling at speed in his B.R.M. For fear of damaging the engine Parnell was instructed to run below the normal maximum engine speed. *Right*—Gonzales being flagged in as he brought his Alfa Romeo across the finishing line after completing ninety laps (nearly 260 miles).

Such was the enthusiasm at Silverstone last Saturday for the performance of the B.R.M.s that it was almost impossible above the cheering to hear the Argentine Ambassador present the laurels of victory to the Argentine champion Gonzales, after the conclusion of the British Grand Prix, one of the most exciting motor races held in this country for many years. The truth was that in coming in fifth and seventh the B.R.M. cars had confounded their severest critics. They completed the 260-mile course at high average speeds, and showed that in the months ahead they will be a force to reckon with in international races. Driving in great pain for much of the distance as a result of burns caused by defects in the exhaust system, Parnell managed to finish fifth at 90·5 m.p.h. and Walker seventh at 89·11 m.p.h. Both cars got away to a clean start, and almost immediately the crowd perceived that they were beginning to thread their way among the slower cars to take their place behind the two Italian factory teams. These were four Alfa Romeos and three Ferraris, the fastest cars in the world. Finally, at the end of the gruelling struggle, a storm of cheering welcomed the B.R.M.s home, and it seems certain that these cars will now be reprieved. It is hoped that British motor manufacturers will once more rally to the support of this British project.

In describing the British Grand Prix and his experiences Parnell afterwards declared : " As the laps went by I began to feel in a dream. The cockpit and myself were getting hotter and hotter. Words couldn't describe what it was like. I was hoping I could keep going and that the car would finish, which was more than any of us expected. When I saw the chequered flag I knew we had made it. I got out of the car and hardly knew what was happening. For the last few laps I was in such a daze that I could give no more. I was completely whacked. My leg was badly burnt and my right hand a mass of huge blisters. I staggered to the first-aid tent. About the car itself : The main thing is for the public not to get the impression that we have a world-beater. We have not, but we certainly have the makings of one. The gearbox and brakes of the B.R.M. are fantastically good. The cockpit must have ventilation, the seat must fit each driver. The wheels are apt to flap on corners, and the general road-holding needs a little adjustment. But the engine is the sweetest bit of machinery I have ever sat behind."

# A QUARTETTE OF NEWS EVENTS

*The Foundation-Stone of the National Theatre is Laid: Ceremonies of the Russian and Roman Churches: The Triumph of a British Boxer*

**THE QUEEN LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE: Watched by Princess Elizabeth and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen prepares the bed for the foundation-stone of the new National Theatre, which is to rise on a site adjoining the Royal Festival Hall. The Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, Chairman of the Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic, stands smiling on the left.** The ceremony was watched by thousands of visitors to the South Bank Exhibition, which at present includes the theatre site. On the stone this inscription appears: "To the living memory of William Shakespeare, on a site provided by the London County Council in conformity with the National Theatre Act 1949, and in the year of the Festival of Britain, this foundation-stone for the National Theatre was laid on July 13, 1951, by her Majesty the Queen."

**THOUSANDS CHEER THE WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION—THE GIGANTIC WELCOME HOME FOR RANDOLPH TURPIN AT LEAMINGTON SPA:** The new champion, who recently defeated "Sugar" Ray Robinson at Earl's Court, is seated between the Mayor of Warwick (the Earl of Warwick) and the Mayor of Leamington (Mr. Oswald Davidson) as he is driven through the main streets of Leamington Spa on his way to the Town Hall for a civic reception. Later, the party drove to Warwick for another reception and then back again to Leamington for a dinner given by the two mayors. Pictures of the fight appear on page 101 of this issue.

**A NEW BISHOP FOR THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH IN LONDON:** The new Bishop, formerly the Very Rev. Archimandrite Vitaly Ustinov, Head Priest of the Russian Church in London, blesses the congregation after his consecration at St. Phillip's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. The service was attended by the Bishop of Kensington. The ceremonies, which began with the nomination at Holy Vespers on the evening before the consecration and culminated during the service of the Holy Liturgy on the following morning, were performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Nathnael. He was assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Leonty and by other church dignitaries. The Russians in this country are divided in their actual allegiance to Episcopal authority. Some still support the Moscow Patriarchate, while others, including the newly consecrated bishop, adhere to the Russian bishops in exile. It does not compromise their faith, and they share the church in Buckingham Palace Road by holding their services on alternate Sundays.

**THE BONES OF A KENTISH SAINT RETURN HOME: On the shoulders of four Carmelite monks the relics of St. Simon Stock, first Prior-General of Aylesford, Kent, are carried across the fourteenth-century bridge over the Medway after their journey from Bordeaux, where they have rested since the saint's death there nearly 700 years ago.** Mr. de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire, was among the many thousands of Roman Catholic pilgrims who attended the ceremonies at the Carmelite priory, founded by the Saint in the thirteenth century. The relics were brought from France by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was met ceremonially on the narrow but picturesque bridge at Aylesford by Cardinal Piazza, the Cardinal Bishop of Sabina and Poggio Marteto, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, Mgr. Cowderoy, in whose diocese the priory stands. The first Carmelites were driven from the Holy Land during the Crusades and settled at Aylesford until driven away again by Henry VIII. Their successors returned to their ancient home at Aylesford only eighteen months ago.

# ROYAL OCCASIONS IN LONDON

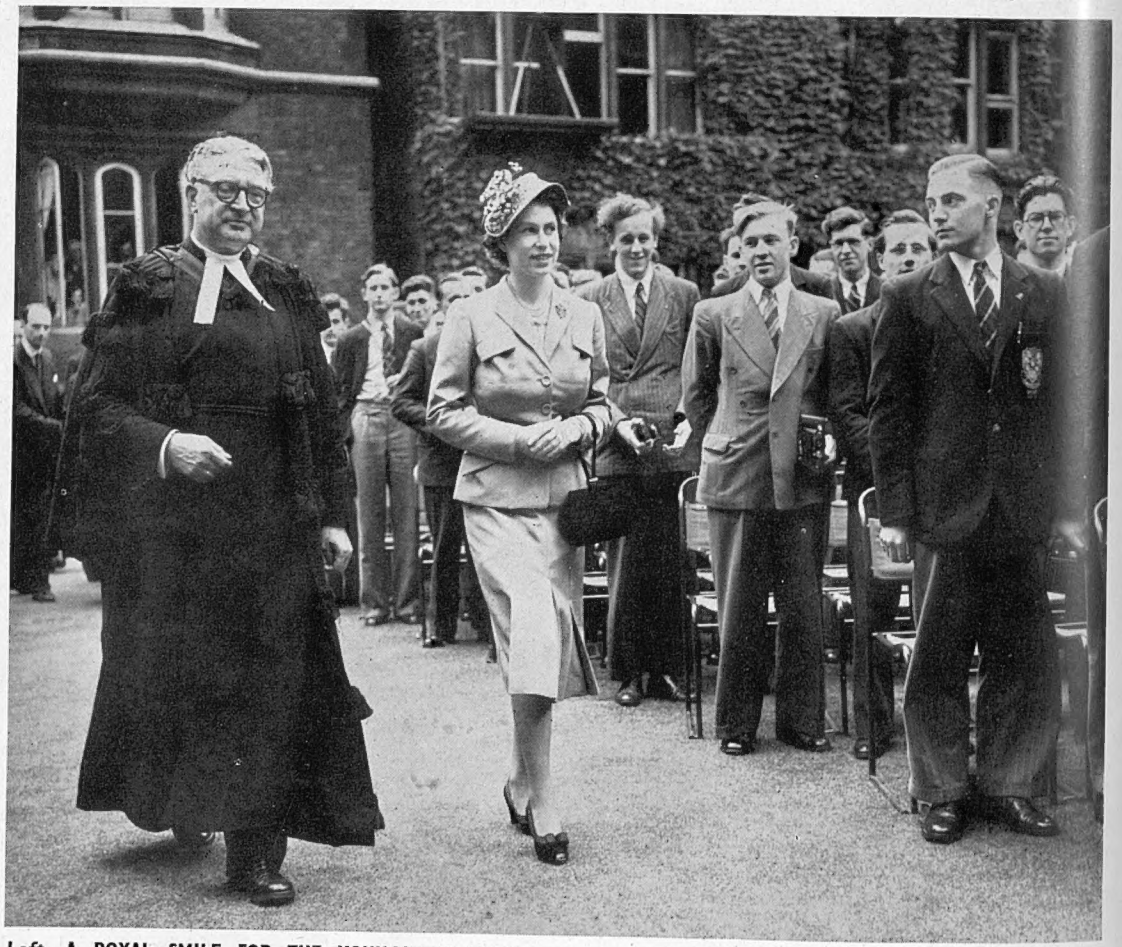
*The Queen, the Queen-Mother and Princess Elizabeth at Public Events Out of Doors*

**A WORD WITH THE QUEEN—SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT "WAY BACK HOME": Miss Helen Ansley, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., has a chat with the Queen during the garden party at Westminster Abbey last week.**

**CARNATIONS FROM A CRIPPLED CHILD: Queen Mary accepts a bouquet from twelve-year-old Doreen Hardman, of Bolton (who has lost both legs and one arm), at the garden fete and sports day at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton. Doreen, held by her nurse, is walking for the first time in her life.**

***Left*—A ROYAL SMILE FOR THE YOUNGSTERS FROM GAMBIA: Princess Elizabeth chats with two young people from Gambia after opening the International Youth Centre at Grange Farm, Chigwell. The centre, which has been used since May, covers 170 acres and was bought by the London Parochial Charities in 1938. The cost will be about £200,000.**

**THE QUEEN WITH AMERICAN TEACHERS: Beneath the towers of Westminster Abbey, her Majesty attends a garden party in the College Garden for teachers from America and the Dominions. The party was given by the British Committee for the interchange of teachers between the United Kingdom and the United States. So great was the demand for snapshots of the Queen by the teachers that she posed especially for them.**



***Above*—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT A TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE: Watched by students with cameras ready to record the occasion, Princess Elizabeth arrives at Westminster College, London, a Methodist-founded training college for teachers, during its fortnight of centenary celebrations. She was greeted on arrival by the Principal, Mr. J. L. Ross.**

# BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY

*Sombre Skies, a High Wind, and a Few Showers Mark the First of the Royal Afternoon Parties of the Season on the Palace Lawns*

**THE LONG LINE OF CARS BRINGING GUESTS TO THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTERNOON PARTY STRETCHED AT TIMES FROM ADMIRALTY ARCH TO THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL : The sombre skies and high wind of the morning, which threatened to spoil the first of the Royal afternoon parties of the season, did not yield to rain until late in the day, but after that the 6,000 guests had to spend their time dodging showers.** Once again the parking system in the Mall was a great success, the guests' cars being parked among the trees on the north side of the processional way and being summoned by a series of loudspeakers which are attached to the lamp standards. By this system an orderly and reasonably speedy departure is assured, but probably the wisest of the guests approach and leave the Palace on foot.

**VISITORS FROM AFRICA : Two of the guests at the gates of Buckingham Palace after attending the Royal Garden Party. Visitors from colonial territories were much in evidence as there is a large party of them now touring the various Festival sites as guests of the British Government.**

**THE GREAT THRONG ON THE LAWNS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE : An overhead view of the guests, among whom the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the Royal Family circulated during the afternoon.**

**THE WOMAN IN WHITE : This visitor carried a dark handbag, which contrasted with her white frock, white gloves, white hat and white shoes.**

**THE QUEEN CIRCULATES AMONG HER GUESTS : *On left* and *right*—Her Majesty seen during her tour of the lawns. The King was not present at the party, nor was Princess Elizabeth (who was fulfilling an engagement in Essex), nor Princess Margaret (who was suffering from German measles). The Queen was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Marie Louise, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Queen Mary joined the party later in the afternoon. Music was provided by bands from the R.A.F. and the Corps of Royal Engineers.**

# JETS

## ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

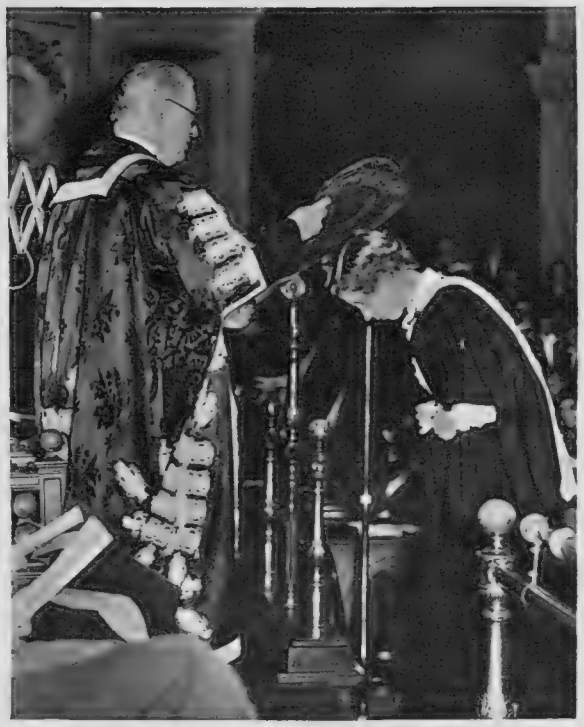
*Some Aviation News Pictures from America and Britain*

THE NOSE OF A RADAR-EQUIPPED TRAINING PLANE—AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE LOCKHEED F 94 TWO-SEAT ALL-WEATHER JET FIGHTER AT A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE BASE: This plane, seen on the ground at the All-Weather Fighter Interceptor School in Florida, is used mostly for training missions. It is a version of the Lockheed T 33 with a radar operator replacing the pupil pilot in the second tandem seat, plus 3,000 lb. of radar equipment. The construction of the prototype was similar to that of the T 33. The wings, landing gear and centre fuselage were the same, but the nose and rear fuselage were different. The nose houses the radar equipment and the rear fuselage sections accommodate the after-burner installation.

FLYING AT A SPEED OF 300 MILES AN HOUR, ABOUT 8 FT. BELOW A NORTH AMERICAN B 25—A NORTH AMERICAN F 86 SABRE SINGLE-SEAT JET FIGHTER FLYING OVER NEVADA: This picture of Captain John Roberts of Nellis Air Base, in the cockpit of the F 86, was taken from the B 25, 12,000 ft. over Nevada, while the two planes were flying at a speed of 300 m.p.h. The distance between the two planes was approximately 8 ft. In 1948 Major Richard L. Johnson flew an F 86 at a speed of 670·981 m.p.h., breaking the record of that time by over 20 m.p.h. The F 86 is said to achieve maximum efficiency when operating at high altitudes.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW JET FIGHTER—THE HAWKER SEA HAWK UNDERGOES ITS CARRIER PROVING TRIALS FROM H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS": *Left*—The Sea Hawk, secret new folding-wing jet fighter for Britain's Royal Navy, seen in flight during trials prior to going into production. *Right*—The new naval fighter with wings folded. The Sea Hawk, developed and produced by Hawker Aircraft Limited, is a single-seater monoplane fighter, powered by a Rolls-Royce Nene jet engine. Its wing span is 36 ft. 6 ins. and its length 39 ft. 7 ins. There are four 20-mm. cannon mounted in the flanks of the fuselage. The Sea Hawk is a modification of the P 1040, which made its first flight in 1947. The second prototype, with folding wings, made its appearance in 1948, and after trials was accepted by the Royal Navy and named Sea Hawk. The pilot, who is situated in a pressurised cockpit well forward in the nose of the fuselage, is provided with a Martin-Baker ejector seat.

**THE GREAT "ORANGE WALK" IN EDINBURGH:** Part of the lengthy parade of the Orange Order passing down Edinburgh's Princes Street on the way to a demonstration to celebrate the 261st anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. The Orange Society is an Irish political organisation founded in 1795 for the defence of Protestantism in Ireland. It came into being after the defeat of James II by William of Orange, who then became the hero of Protestant ascendancy. Between 70,000 and 100,000 people took part in the enormous parade at Edinburgh and presented the City Police and leading members of the Order with very great difficulties in marshalling the parade and making the necessary traffic arrangements. Many of the demonstrators came over from Ulster and thousands from the West of Scotland. The great procession, which included several hundred bands, numbered more than the two armies that fought the battle commemorated. The last "Orange Walk" in the Scottish capital was held in 1902, when considerable rioting took place.



**A NEW BACHELOR OF SCIENCE:** Receiving her Bachelor of Science degree from Sir Edward Appleton, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, is Pamela Jean Bertini, one of over 250 students who were "capped" during a Faculty of Science ceremony at the University. A word of encouragement to those who had failed or had "just managed to scrape through" came from Professor James Pickering Kendall: "University examiners," he said, "are notoriously inexpert at spotting future winners."

# FOCUS ON THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL

*An Historic Parade in Edinburgh; Honours at the University for the Famous and the Unknown*

**A FAMOUS SCOTS ACTOR IN YET ANOTHER ROLE:** Alastair Sim, celebrated actor on stage and screen, leads the procession to St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, from the city's University, where, with other famous personalities, he had been conferred with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Sim, who was once Fulton Lecturer in Elocution at New College, Edinburgh, is Rector of the University. Walking with Mr. Sim is Sir Edward Appleton, the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

**THE SMILES OF SUCCESS:** Laughing with pride and relief now that their studies have been successfully completed, these young students of Edinburgh University leave the M'Ewan Hall after the "capping" ceremony, when they received their degrees in Science from the University Principal.

**NINE CELEBRITIES ARE HONOURED AT EDINBURGH:** The American actress Ruth Draper, Air-Commodore Sir Frank Whittle (second from left) and Alastair Sim, the actor, are shown with Sir Edward Appleton, Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, after he had conferred honorary degrees upon them.

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# A BANGKOK REVOLT, A NEW YORK ROUND-UP, AND A MILAN MEETING

*A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES*
*A RECORD OF EVENTS ON THREE CONTINENTS*

**MORE TROUBLE IN THAILAND: Supporters of Marshal Pibul Songgram travelling by armoured car across the Memorial Bridge over the Chao Phya River, Bangkok, after silencing rebel naval groups on the west bank of the river. At the beginning of June, Thailand was involved in one of its interminable political coups when Marshal Pibul, at a ceremony in the port of Bangkok, was arrested by members of a naval patrol and "spirited away."** As soon as the Army and the Air Force realised what had happened they attacked naval headquarters, and in fighting, which later spread throughout the city, there were heavy casualties, with the Navy coming off worst. Pibul was restored. Although the coup was apparently a matter of factional politics, it had its disturbing side in that it gives encouragement to the as yet weak Communist party.

**THE INDIAN EDUCATION MINISTER VISITS PERSIA: Talking to the invalid Dr. Moussadeq, Prime Minister of Persia, is Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad, Minister of Education in the Indian Government, who recently visited Persia. Rumours that the Indian Minister had discussed the possibility of Persia supplying oil to India have been officially denied, and it was stated in London that his visit was purely one of a cultural and good-will nature which had been planned long before the Persian oil dispute arose. Maulana Azad, who is sixty-two, is one of the two Muslim members of the Indian Central Government and the leading Muslim of India's Congress Party. He is a wise moderate who fought against the rising popularity of the Indian Muslim League, and the idea of a separate Muslim state, in a vain attempt to foster Hindu-Muslim unity.**

**MR. DE VALERA TOURS THE PORT OF DUBLIN: The new Prime Minister of Eire seen during his visit to the docks, which he made in company with Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, the President of Eire. Mr. de Valera's return to office in Ireland following the General Election has created few changes in high policy, and the new Taoiseach is no more firmly in the saddle than was his predecessor, Mr. Costello.** The main reason for the change-over in Ireland has been because five Independents who formerly supported Mr. Costello have now cast in their lot with Mr. de Valera's Fianna Fail, among them Dr. Noel Browne, the former Minister of Health.

**TIBETAN DIPLOMATS RETURN TO LHASA: Presenting an odd appearance in their queer mixture of Western and Tibetan dress, these representatives of the Tibetan Government were returning to Lhasa after completing political negotiations with the Chinese Communist Government.** Last November an appeal lodged by the Tibetan Government against Chinese aggression was shelved by the United Nations, after invading Chinese troops had halted 300 miles from the Tibetan capital. Recently the two countries concluded a seventeen-point agreement, and these Tibetan diplomats have returned from Peking, where they had had official talks on the agreement.

**SAILING UP THE RIVER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIFTEEN YEARS—AN AMERICAN TRAINING-SHIP MOVES TO A NEW BERTH AT PIER 73 ON NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER: The U.S.S. *Prairie State*, training-ship of the New York State Naval Militia and the U.S. Naval Reserve, is towed from her old mooring in the North River to her new berth at Pier 73 on the East River. The *Prairie State*, formerly the old battleship *Illinois*, made the 15-mile trip, her first voyage in fifteen years, in five hours. In the background of the picture is the Lower Manhattan skyline.**

**NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICA'S WAR ON THE REDS WITHIN HER BORDERS: *Left*—Benjamin Davis and Eugene Dennis, the latter General Secretary of the Communist Party in the U.S., seen after surrendering to bail in the Federal Court, New York, before being despatched to gaol. Four of their fellow-Communists failed to surrender, and so moved outside the law. Seven top Communists have gone to gaol. *Centre*—Millionaire Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who has been sentenced to ninety days in gaol for contempt of court. He had declined to identify the owners of 80,000 dollars in bonds forfeited by the four Communists who had jumped bail. *Right*—Betty Gannett, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Marian Bachrach, three Communist women indicted for conspiring against the U.S. Government. They all pleaded not guilty.**

The American Government's strategy in combating the U.S. Communist Party, that of "lopping off" new leaders as they rise to the top, has begun to make it difficult for the Communists to operate in the open, and the fact that some of the convicted leaders have now jumped bail would appear to indicate that the intention of the party is to go underground. It is possible that the missing men will provide the nucleus of a new secret leadership, which it is hoped to preserve intact, despite all Government action. It is likely, however, that if the party does go underground the Federal Bureau of Investigation will go underground with it, for the F.B.I. has agents masquerading as party members in many levels of Communist activity.

**MONICA FELTON, OF GREAT BRITAIN, SPEAKING AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN NORTH KOREA DURING HER VISIT BEHIND THE KOREAN LINES, WHICH LED TO SUCH DRAMATIC REPERCUSSIONS ON HER RETURN TO BRITAIN: The picture, which has come to Britain via Moscow, bears the following caption of Russian origin:** "The Korean People's Democratic Republic has been visited by the Commission of the Women's International Democratic Federation (W.I.D.F.) for the investigation of the atrocities committed by the American-British interventionists in Korea. The Commission visited a number of towns and villages of the Republic, inspected schools, hospitals and houses destroyed by the Americans, and talked with women and men who described the atrocities committed by the interventionists."

**PRESIDENT TRUMAN ASKS CONGRESS TO END THE STATE OF WAR WITH GERMANY: The President explaining his proposal to the Congressional leaders, who later put the suggested settlement before the Senate and the House of Representatives, indicating that France and Great Britain had in mind taking parallel action.** Seated on the left is the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Sam Rayburn, and seated on the right is the Speaker of the Senate, Vice-President Alben Barkley. Standing (left) is Mr. Ernest McFarland, Senate Democratic Leader, and standing on the right is Mr. John McCormack, House Democratic Leader. Following approval of the settlement it becomes possible for the former Allies to enter into a contractual relationship with the West German Republic at Bonn.

**MR. MALIK RETURNS HOME FOR A HOLIDAY: Jacob Malik, chief Soviet delegate to the United Nations, with Mrs. Malik, leave New York in the famous Swedish liner *Gripsholm* on their first home vacation for three years. In a farewell statement, Mr. Malik offered his best wishes "to those who fight for peace between our countries." He was not able to say when he would return.**

**THE SECOND WORLD CONGRESS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFEDERATION OF FREE TRADE UNIONS—20,000 ITALIAN TRADE UNIONISTS RALLY IN MILAN TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR SUPPORT OF THE CONGRESS: Delegates to the Congress addressed the giant rally from the rostrum seen on the left of the picture. On the right is Milan Cathedral.** The Confederation was formed in London in 1949, shortly after the British Trade Union Congress broke away from the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions. During the course of the Milan Congress several Asian delegates expressed their thanks to the Confederation for the help it had given union movements in under-developed countries.

NAVAL OPERATIONS IN THE SEA OF JAPAN : With her planes on deck ready for action, the U.S.S. *Princeton*, one of America's fastest aircraft-carriers, refuels at sea from a naval tanker. In heavy weather refuelling at sea can be a difficult operation, dangerous to men and ships. It is carried out regularly in Korean waters, keeping carriers of the Fast Carrier Task Force 77 on combat stations for long periods of time, without the need to return to port.

AN ADMIRAL MEETS THE PRESS : With his hand to his chin, Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, of the U.S. Navy, Chief of Naval Operations, ponders a question asked him at a Press Conference in Tokyo. The Admiral had previously inspected Naval and Marine corps in the Korean area.

# KOREA

## BEFORE THE CEASE-FIRE TALKS

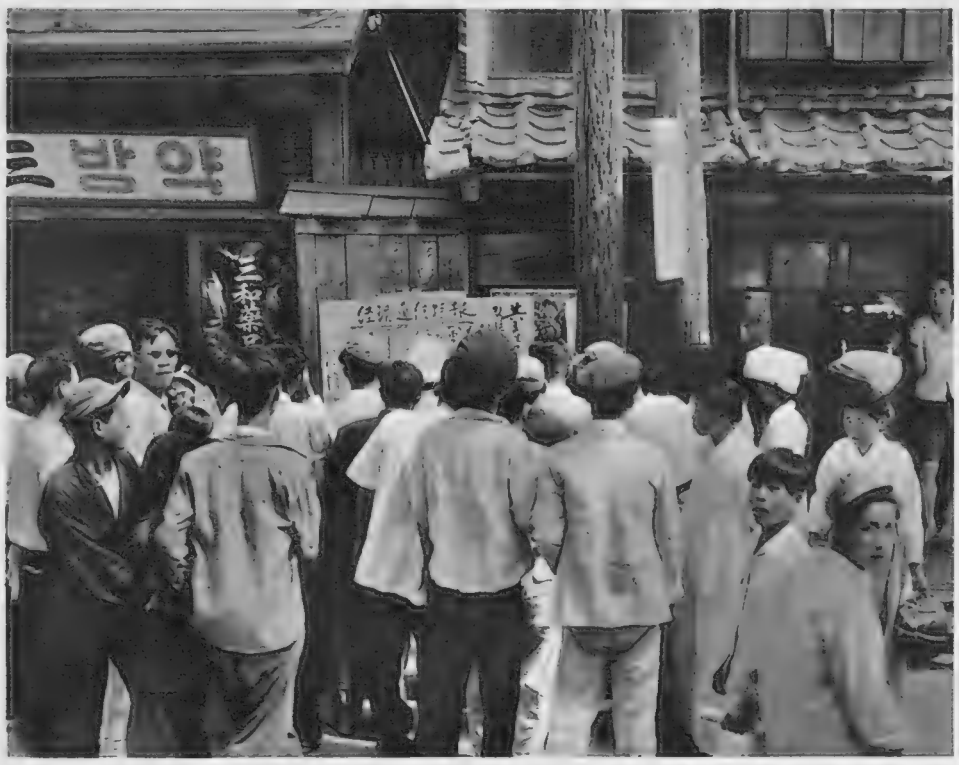
*Varied Aspects of the War In and Around the Peninsula*

EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER ESCAPES IN A HELICOPTER CRASH : This machine, lying wrecked on its parent ship, the American heavy cruiser *Los Angeles*, had been carrying as passengers Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet, Commander of the Eighth Army, and Rear-Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Commander of Cruiser Division Five. This is an example of the day-to-day risks taken by all ranks in the difficult United Nations operations against Communist armies in the Korean war.

IN A HURRY TO END THE WAR : General Ridgway, Supreme Allied Commander, jumps the steps of his headquarters in Tokyo after proposing a meeting with Communist leaders in Korea. Later, preliminary conversations about arrangements for an armistice meeting were officially reported to have been most "harmonious."

COMMEMORATING THE BRITISH WAR DEAD IN THE JANUARY RETREAT FROM SEOUL—THE DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL BUILT BY A KOREAN STONE-MASON, AT "HAPPY VALLEY" ON THE WESTERN FRONT: The memorial commemorates some 200 men of the 1st Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles; the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars and the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, the Royal Artillery, who lost their lives while fighting a rearguard action on January 3 and 4, during the United Nations retreat from Seoul. *Left*—Chaplain-Major John Lyan, of Eire, says a Requiem Mass after the unveiling ceremony. *Right*—A general view of the unveiling ceremony in "Happy Valley." The service was conducted by Chaplain-Captain Edwin Bell and the lesson was read by Lieut.-Colonel R. J. H. Carson, Commander of the Royal Ulster Rifles.

A MINED ARMOURED CAR OF THE 8TH HUSSARS IS TOWED BACK TO CAMP: This picture was taken a few minutes after the mining as maintenance men from a Churchill recovery tank (left) prepared to take the damaged armoured car in tow. The vehicle struck a mine on a road north of the 38th Parallel during an advance to make contact with the Chinese Communists. The armoured car's crew of three escaped uninjured.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PROPOSED TALKS FOR AN ARMISTICE IN KOREA: A group of South Koreans gathered round a notice-board informing them of the United Nations and Communist proposals for cease-fire talks. After one year of fighting they showed little emotion, but stood around in small groups discussing the implications of the news.

WITH THE CANADIANS IN THE KOREAN WAR ZONE: *Left*—A night view of the Korean battlefield as three U.S. Army star shells light up a river area close to the encampment of a company of Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, holding out against enemy forces in the distant hills. The pontoon bridge over the river in the right foreground of the picture was constructed by United Nations Engineers. *Right*—A cache of enemy ammunition is blown up by Canadian troops in a Korean valley.

# BIKINI-LIKE BLASTS ROCK THE NEWARK BAY AREA

*PROPANE-GAS TANKS SHATTERED IN A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD OF THE UNITED STATES*

**AN AWE-INSPIRING SPECTACLE WHICH CONFRONTED RESIDENTS IN BROOKLYN, MANHATTAN, AND THE HEAVILY-POPULATED AREAS OF CENTRAL NEW JERSEY :** This was one of a series of Bikini-like blasts which took place in the storage-tank farm of the Warren Petroleum Corporation on Doremus Avenue in the industrial area fronting Newark Bay, New Jersey. There were no fatal casualties, but it was estimated that damage to property totalled 5,000,000 dollars.

**LIKE A BATTLEFIELD AFTER THE TIDE OF WAR HAD PASSED :** Wrecked motor-cars and railway tankers after the series of explosions at the Warren Petroleum Corporation's tank farm : 70 out of 101 cylindrical steel tanks, each containing 30,000 gallons of highly volatile propane gas in liquid form under pressure, were destroyed during the series of explosions which continued for two hours.

**ROARING FLAMES AND BLACK SMOKE BLANKET THE NEW JERSEY SKY DURING THE TWO-HOUR-LONG CONFLAGRATION ON NEWARK BAY :** The propane, which is bottled and used for heating and cooking in rural areas not served by gas-pipes, is more explosive than petrol. It is especially volatile in hot weather. In the series of explosions eleven people were injured.

**SEVENTY-FOOT-LONG PROPANE-GAS TANKS LIE SCATTERED ROUND THE AREA OF THE WARREN PLANT AFTER THE SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS IN WHICH SEVENTY OF THEM WERE DESTROYED :** Other tanks which did not explode are seen in the picture in the background on the right. From these tanks, 70 ft. long by 12 ft. in diameter, propane gas is bottled under pressure of 200 lb. to the square inch. When released, the liquefied substance becomes a gas, expanding to many times its liquid volume. The cause of the initial explosion at the Warren Company's plant has not been determined at the time of writing. Some of the early reports hinted at sabotage at the plant.

American sensitivity with regard to Communist activity, now at a peak in view of the court proceedings against the nation's Reds, was emphasised when New York newspapers headlined the discovery of three 60-mm. mortar shells and a German 155-mm. shell, the latter fused and loaded, in a ditch near the scene of the great explosion at the Warren plant at Newark, New Jersey. Investigators, however, tended to discount the idea that the shells might have had any connection with the blast. The shells appeared, in fact, to be discarded war souvenirs or left-overs from ammunition cargoes which passed through Port Newark in both World Wars.

At the time of writing, the inquiry into the Newark explosions is still proceeding. While they lasted it was an awe-inspiring spectacle, and it is remarkable indeed that these explosions among the propane tanks of the Warren Petroleum Corporation did not result in loss of life. There were eleven casualties in all. After the blast was over, the 3-acre Warren plant and the 10-acre area of heaviest damage around it resembled a battlefield. Acrid fumes still hung heavily over the meadowland stretching down to Newark Bay, and they hung about the craters scooped out by flying steel from the seventy or more shattered tanks which had exploded in turn over a period of two hours.

Eye-witnesses as far as 10 miles from the scene of the explosion compared the towering column of smoke with the image of an atomic detonation.

A resident of an apartment house on the west side of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, who was on the roof of the building when the fire blast occurred, said :

"I saw flames over in New Jersey near Newark Airport. As I watched there was a blast like an atomic explosion. In a moment a column of flame rose more than 1,000 ft. in the air. The column then spread out to a diameter of 1,000 ft. and hung there, looking like the pictures of the Bikini explosion."

THE AGORA OR CIVIC CENTRE OF ANCIENT ATHENS VIEWED FROM THE NORTH-WEST, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ACROPOLIS: **For the past twenty years archæologists of the American School of Classical Studies have been carrying out a full-scale exploration of the Agora.** When work began in 1931 the Agora was a closely built-up area of about 25 acres of nineteenth-century slums, bounded on the south by the Acropolis and the Areopagus, where Paul preached to the Athenians, on the west by the so-called Theseum or Temple of Hephaistos, on the east by the ruined Stoa of Attalos, and on the north by the Athens-Piræus electric railway. A transformation has since occurred, no fewer than 365 separate houses having been acquired and demolished, the 5,000 occupants being rehoused elsewhere. An exploration of the entire site has been carried out, and the excavation and the part reconstruction of the Agora has been started. No fewer than 300,000 tons of earth have been sifted, each spadeful being carefully screened for archæological remains, and the finds, including 20,000 vases, have provided the most remarkable evidence with regard to the Agora's history. To-day more than 50,000 catalogued remains await the provision of a museum, and this will be forthcoming when the famous Stoa of Attalos, which bounds the east side of the Agora, is reconstructed in three years. (*See* pages 94 and 95 of this issue).

# ATHENS EXPLORED ANEW

## THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGISTS IN AND AROUND THE ANCIENT AGORA PROVIDES A RICH YIELD

THIS WAS HOW SOCRATES AND ST. PAUL MUST HAVE VIEWED THE BUILDINGS ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF THE AGORA: **This reconstruction in model form has been largely made possible through the excavations carried out on the site of the Agora during the past twenty years by archæologists of the American School of Classical Studies, who have explored the foundations of many of the buildings of the Agora and have even unearthed some of their architectural members. To-day the Temple of Hephaistos, formerly wrongly called Theseum, still crowns the market hill above the square, and remains the best-preserved edifice not only of ancient Athens, but of the whole of the ancient Greek world. The massive solidity of its construction and the vigorous vitality of its sculptures have always commanded the greatest admiration. The other buildings have all long since disappeared. The Tholos, the circular building in the foreground, was built about 470 B.C., just after the defeat of Persia at the hands of the Greeks. It served as a club-house and headquarters for the Executive Committee of the Athenian Senate.**

**IN A MODERN ATHENIAN MARBLE WORKER'S SHOP, A REPLICA OF ONE OF THE CAPITALS FROM THE STOA OF ATTALOS NEARS COMPLETION: The rebuilding of the Stoa (in ancient days a two-storeyed market hall used for warehousing goods) will take three years, and when complete it will accommodate some of the many treasures unearthed in the Athenian Agora during the past twenty years of work by the archæologists of the American School of Classical Studies. This capital (here seen upside down) is of the petal-like form known as Pergamene, and it will be used for the interior order of the second storey of the new building.**

# RESTORING THE STOA OF ATTALOS

## THE PLAN TO REBUILD ONE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF THE ANCIENT AGORA BENEATH THE ACROPOLIS IN THE HEART OF ATHENS

In an age dedicated to the survival and promotion of the democratic principles which point the direction of our Western way of life, a group of American archæologists, working in harmony with the Greek Government, are hard at work on a project which will resurrect dramatically the very "anvil of democracy" itself—the Agora, or civic centre, of ancient Athens.

It is no scheme merely for the enjoyment of privileged scholars and antiquarians, but a living monumental reconstruction of the places and pavements where Socrates sat and discoursed, where the eccentric Diogenes lived happily in his huge water-jar, where St. Paul walked through the market-place and listened to the arguments of haranguing citizens, where Zene and Karneades lectured their pupils, where the democratic exercise of ostracism safeguarded against dictatorship, and where Athenians hammered out in argument and discourse the laws which made their mode of government celebrated.

The Agora excavations being carried out by the American School of Classical Studies were begun in 1931, when attention was turned to the closely built-up area of about 25 acres of nineteenth-century slums beneath the Acropolis.

A transformation has since occurred. Houses have been acquired and demolished, the inhabitants have been rehoused, and an exploration of the entire site has been carried out. The excavation and the reconstruction of the civic centre of about eight acres is also well under way. The "pan" has yielded rich rewards, ranging from neolithic (3000 B.C.) to medieval times.

To house these historic treasures and to restore a dominant feature of this ancient site to its original glory, enabling present-day visitors to appreciate the social life of the Agora in its original perspective, it has been decided to rebuild the celebrated Stoa of Attalos, which bounds the east side of the Agora.

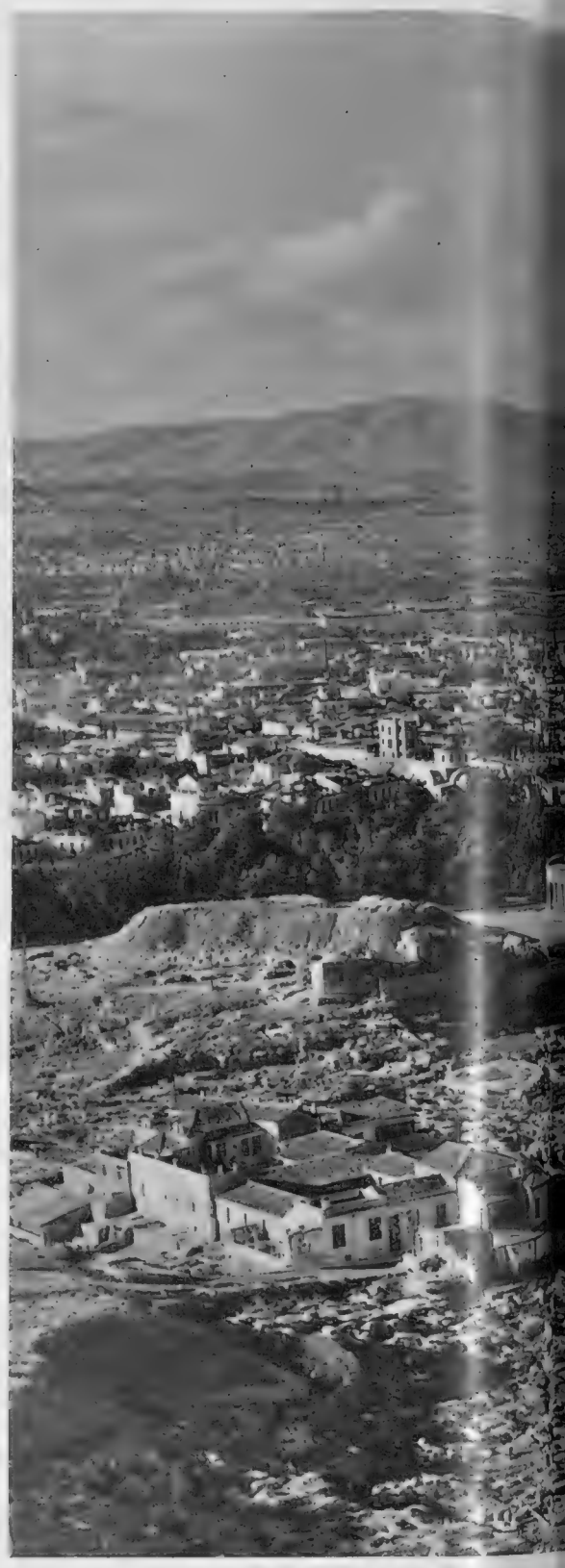
The Stoa of Attalos—there are several other stoas on the site—was a two-storeyed colonnade of long, rectangular shape, supported by a row of columns along its front and another row on its middle line. The same scheme was repeated in a second storey accessible by means of a stairway at either end. A low marble parapet ran between the slender front columns of the upper storey over which strolling citizens might look down on the bustling life of the square.

The Stoa of Attalos served the citizens of Athens as a market hall and place of meeting until A.D. 267, when barbarians from the Danube raided Athens and fired the Stoa, together with other buildings in and near the Agora. Terrified, the Athenians hastily protected themselves against further raids by building an inner wall to guard the core of their city.

The protecting wall fell across the Stoa, the front part of which was demolished and its material used in the fortifications. This wall protected the inner remains of the building by serving as a vital part of the city's fortifications until the sixteenth century.

To date, more than 1,500,000 dollars has been spent in exploring the Agora, and a further 1,250,000 dollars is required to complete the reconstruction of the Stoa of Attalos. Some of the money has been provided out of E.C.A. funds.

"The Stoa will be rebuilt with as complete authenticity as possible," says Professor Homer A. Thompson, Director of the Agora Excavations of the American School of Classical Studies and member of the Faculty of the Institute for Advanced Studies, Princeton, New Jersey—where he is a colleague of Einstein. "We have a splendid set of reconstruction plans and are expecting the first shipment of stone any day now. Although as much as possible of the original material will be used, a great deal of new marble—from the original quarries—must be cut. The first of the new capitals, one of the distinctively Pergamene capitals from the inner order of the upper storey, has already been cut. The modern Athenian mason has even outdone his Hellenistic ancestor in the handling of the same marble," Professor Thompson declares.



*On right*—**THE STOA OF ATTALOS AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: This is all that remains of the ancient warehouse which once formed part of the east boundary of the Athenian market, and which is now to be rebuilt to house the archæological treasures found in the Agora.** With walls of grey Peiræic limestone, the Stoa had steps of blue marble from Mount Hymettus, and dazzling white marble from Mount Pentelikon, north-east of Athens, for the superstructure of the main façade. The interior was of the same blue and white marble. Like so many of the public buildings of ancient Athens, the Stoa of Attalos was built by one of the city's grateful students, Attalos II of Pergamon, a small but wealthy and enterprising kingdom in North-West Asia Minor. As a young man Attalos studied philosophy in Athens, and on his accession to the throne in 159 B.C. built the Stoa which bears his name. For about four centuries the Stoa served the citizens of Athens, until A.D. 267.

**FROM THE ACROPOLIS, THE CROWN OF ATHENS, THE VISITOR TO-DAY LOOKS TO THE NORTH-WEST AND SEES THE AGORA, OR FORUM, OF THE ANCIENT CITY SPREAD BELOW LIKE A MAP, A PART OF ATHENS THAT IS NOW THE SCENE OF INTENSE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ACTIVITY:** To the west stands the Temple of Hephaistos, built about 450 B.C., where Athenians worshipped not only the god of the forge, but also Athena Ergane, Athena the Worker, the city's patron saint in her aspect of protector of craft and industry. Immediately below the temple lie the foundations of the city's administrative buildings, which are shown in the model reconstruction on page 93. At the extreme left is a group of modern houses which have been left standing along the south edge of the market square to house the workrooms and museum of the American excavators on the site, until permanent museum quarters can be erected. In the work now in progress the area of the square has been cleared, for the most part, of the level of late antiquity. Further clearing and landscaping, the speed of which will depend upon available funds, will restore the square in large measure to the appearance it bore in ancient days, when it was the most important civic centre of the Greek world.

**THIS IS THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING (BASED ON ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS FOUND ON THE SPOT) FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE STOA OF ATTALOS IN THE CIVIC CENTRE OF ANCIENT ATHENS:** Each of the two storeys of the building had an inner and an outer row of columns. Pergamene and Athenian architects probably collaborated on the design and construction, for although the columns of the outer rows and of the inner row below are of the characteristically Athenian Doric and Ionic orders, the capitals of the inner row on the second floor are of a design imported from Asia Minor, and called Pergamene. Full evidence exists for all the architectural details of this building, so that it can be rebuilt in its original form and from the same materials used in ancient times—limestone from the quarries of the Piræus and marble from Mt. Pentelikon. Such a reconstruction, which has just began, will restore the east side of the market square and would serve as a permanent illustration of a typical Greek civic architectural form, while at the same time the building will serve to house the objects which, found in the excavation of the Agora, illustrate the arts, the crafts and the social and political institutions of Athens over a period of nearly 5,000 years, one of the most glorious periods in world history.

*STONE—WOOL—AND AGRICULTURE*

# In the Cotswold Tradition

*An Important Festival Exhibition of Local Products at Cirencester, the Cotswold Capital*

Three themes — stone, wool and agriculture — have been dramatised by appropriate displays in the Festival Exhibition at Cirencester, entitled The Cotswold Tradition. In addition there are sections devoted to historic exhibits relating to the region; contemporary craftsmanship from regional workshops; traditional sports and games; County regimental traditions (largely concerned with the heroic Gloucesters); Cotswold rural industries, and a display of modern agricultural equipment shown in contrast with early types. The presentation of the exhibition is the work of Mr. Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A.

The approaches to the exhibition through the town of Cirencester have been lined with Venetian masts of traditional form, set at regular intervals, and give the streets of the Cotswold capital something of a festival atmosphere.

The catalogue of the exhibition comprises a brief Cotswold guide for the benefit of overseas visitors, including a summary of the principal monuments and places of the district. The story of Cotswold stone begins with Belas Knap, the long barrow on Cleeve Cloud, whose portal, built up of thin wafers of stone with perfect workmanship, has lasted 4,000 years. This was the prototype of all the stone walling that is fundamental to the Cotswold scene. The stone has been used as material alike for barn and cottage, manor house and church, roof and wall, merchant's dwelling and tombstone.

From time immemorial, until the enclosures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Cotswolds have been famed for the rearing of sheep; they provided the Normans with wool which they wove into cloth and also exported in large quantities. In medieval times the sheep of the Cotswold, or "lion," breed, with their thin white faces, Roman noses and "lovelocks," provided the wealth of the district and thus fostered the building of some of the noblest monuments in the country, notably the "wool" churches of Northleach and Chipping Campden. One flock of this celebrated breed still survives at Aldsworth. To-day the handlooms of the weavers are replaced by the mills of the West of England cloth manufacturers in the Stroud Valley, while blankets are still made at Witney.

The Cotswold tradition, therefore, arises from a local co-partnership between man and Nature. Cotswold "quars," or quarries, supplied the stone, the "woolmen" provided the wealth to use it on a grand scale, while the skill and craftsmanship of local masons fashioned it into the most distinguished vernacular building in the country.

The Cotswolds are rich in their townships and villages, tithe barns and churches, where "gamesome and virile grotesques exhibit the exuberant saturnalia of our ancestors" and old farmsteads spread all over the hills. It is "because of these evidences of human activity, past and present, and the perfect harmony between landscape and dwelling which is provided by the honey-grey limestone and the skill and right-making of the builders and craftsmen," that the Cotswolds have retained a satisfying beauty unsurpassed in all England.

The greatness of the Cotswold tradition speaks for itself. The aims of the exhibition are to focus a spotlight on Cotswold, to present to the world a vivid and comprehensive picture of its characteristics, and to foster among its inhabitants, especially the younger generation, a true appreciation of their quite remarkable heritage.

**THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT CIRENCESTER:** Watching a demonstration of spinning by Mrs. Stondy, of Gloucester, at the Cotswold Tradition Exhibition which is being held between May and September as Cirencester's contribution to the Festival.

**THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOOL SECTION AT THE COTSWOLD TRADITION EXHIBITION:** Some of the most famous clothes in the world are still made in the Stroud Valley, the white cloth for the Papal robes, scarlet for the Guards' tunics, and hunting pink. These clothes are shown on over-life-size figures made for the exhibition by Russell Gammage.

**REPRESENTING WITNEY'S WEAVING:** A large hand made of cane, 20 ft. long, supports a display of Witney blankets and some of the raw wool from which the blankets are made. The weaving industry at Witney dates from the twelfth century.

**STONE, WOOL AND AGRICULTURE—THREE ASPECTS OF COTSWOLD TRADITION EXEMPLIFIED IN THE EXHIBITION AT CIRENCESTER:** *Left*—A characteristic Cotswold tomb displayed in the stone section. Cotswold stone possesses the unique quality among all limestones of retaining light. It thus has a wonderful softness both in hue and texture. *Centre*—This guardsman's uniform is a reminder of the Stroud Valley's magnificent tradition in the production of cloths for special purposes. *Right*—The agricultural section of the exhibition, showing in the foreground a shepherd wearing an old smock. Such smocks were formerly worn for work and also at the hiring or "mop" fairs, when agricultural workers changed their employers. The smocking design differed with the various occupations.

# REUTERS' CENTENARY

## A GREAT GATHERING IN LONDON TO MARK THE BIRTHDAY OF A FAMOUS INSTITUTION

It was exactly a century ago that Julius Reuter, the bank clerk of Cassel, who in 1849 had begun a pigeon-post service to carry the closing prices of the Paris Bourse from Verviers to Aix-la-Chapelle, arrived in England among the crowds of foreigners who flocked to admire, and to be caught up in the mood of, the Great Exhibition. How Reuter rented two rooms in the Royal Exchange Buildings in the City of London and began his news service is one of the romances of nineteenth-century private enterprise. Last week, to mark the centenary of that enterprise, leaders in every walk of life, including the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London, went to Grosvenor House, Park Lane, to dine with Mr. Christopher Chancellor, the general manager of Reuters. In all, there was a company of 1,000. In his speech to the assembled guests, Mr. Chancellor spoke of the modern Reuters. "I see Reuters," he said, "as a complex of relationships. The inner circle is the present newspaper owners—Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, India. . . . Then come the other Commonwealth news-agencies firmly allied with Reuters. . . . Then the news-agencies of Europe and the Middle East, stretching out to the East and the Far East—circle upon circle, a network of relationships through which the news of the world flows—and everywhere a Reuter correspondent, tapping, testing and transmitting the news.

"I said everywhere: well—not quite everywhere. Parts of the world are closed to us to-day; but what I have described applies to every part where the people may exercise their 'right to know.'" (*See* pages 104-05).

**A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN JOURNALISM—THE GREAT GATHERING AT GROSVENOR HOUSE TO MARK THE CENTENARY OF REUTERS, A DINNER ATTENDED BY 1,000 GUESTS, INCLUDING LEADERS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE: Science, the arts, politics, letters, stage and screen, industry and the armed forces were represented at this birthday dinner. The guests of honour were the Prime Minister and Mr. Kent Cooper, of the Associated Press of America, who proposed the toast of Reuters.**

**THE TWO GUESTS OF HONOUR AT THE REUTERS' DINNER: *Left*—Mr. Attlee replying to the toast of the guests. He declared that "the great hindrance to peace was ignorance, the ignorance of one people of another people." *Right*—Mr. Kent Cooper, of the Associated Press of America, proposing the toast of Reuters, which he spoke of as the provider "of a great independent service of world news for the purpose of keeping the peoples of the world truthfully informed."**

**THE WORLD OF POLITICS AND THE WORLD OF PROTOCOL: *Left*—Mr. Anthony Eden in conversation with Mr. Walter S. Gifford, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Mr. Eden and Mr. Gifford sat at the top table, with the Prime Minister, Mrs. Attlee and Mr. Morrison. *Right*—Prince Georg of Denmark, Acting Military Attaché at the Danish Embassy, and Princess Georg.**

**THE GENERAL MANAGER OF REUTERS RECEIVES THE GUESTS:** Mr. Christopher Chancellor shaking hands with the Sultan of Johore. *On right*—The scene at the top table as Mr. Chancellor delivered his speech. He spoke of the complex of relationships making up the present-day Reuters and of the complete freedom which his organisation enjoyed in Britain to-day, with never any pressure or interference with the news. On Mr. Chancellor's right hand sat Mrs. Attlee. Facing him across the table were Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison.

# BELLIGERENCE IN PERSIA

THE PERSIAN TENTH DIVISION AND THE PERSIAN GULF FLEET STAGE A SPECIAL PARADE AS A MARK OF PERSIA'S CONTINUING DEFIANCE — THE COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATIONS IN TEHERAN

**THE TANGLED SKEIN OF PERSIAN AFFAIRS IN THE MIDST OF THE OIL CRISIS : *Left*—A sign which had been torn down from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's central office in Teheran being held aloft by Persians at a recent street meeting in the capital. *Right*—A Communist demonstrator seated on the roof of an English-made car drives through Teheran brandishing a shield bearing portraits of the Communist leaders and the emblem of the dove of peace. Both anti-British demonstrations by the supporters of Premier Mossadeq and anti-Mossadeq demonstrations by the Communists have been a feature of life in the Persian capital during the recent weeks of crisis. It was not until last week when Dr. Mossadeq welcomed the visit of President Truman's mediator, Mr. Harriman, that any hope of a solution began to dawn.**

Last week it seemed that the Persian oil situation had reached deadlock. The areas of possible compromise had narrowed dangerously, leaving a belligerent Persia standing firmly on her nationalisation law of last March and a no less determined, but far from belligerent, Britain standing upon her formula for nationalisation which would continue British management and provide a fair profit for the Company. Then came the news that Mr. Truman's intervention had borne fruit and that Premier Mossadeq, in a bedside interview with U.S. Ambassador Grady, had conceded that Mr. Averell Harriman, President Truman's adviser on foreign affairs, would be a welcome visitor to Teheran. Once again the door to negotiation was open. Meanwhile, in both Teheran and Abadan there was marked activity, with the Communists attempting to stir up trouble in the capital and Dr. Mossadeq's supporters still exulting over their partial successes over the Oil Company. In Abadan the march-past of infantry and sailors of the Gulf Fleet in the presence of the Secretary of the Iranian Oil Nationalisation Board, was something of an occasion, and no one was fooled by the announcement that the purpose of the parade was to celebrate the end of Ramadan. Such goose-stepping could only have a totalitarian significance, and it was a strange thought that all this military might was at the behest of the ailing Dr. Mossadeq, the Premier so easily moved to tears in the midst of crisis.

**HUSSEIN MAKKI AT THE ABADAN PARADE OF PERSIAN TROOPS :** The Secretary of the Persian Oil Nationalisation Board is seen (left) at the march-past of Persian soldiers, sailors and marines. It was Makki who made known to the world Persia's decision to ignore the new rulings of the International Court.

**THE DEPUTY PERSIAN PREMIER :** Dr. Hussein Fatimi en route to the Majlis to take part in a recent debate on the oil situation. Owing to the illness of the Prime Minister, Dr. Mossadeq, much of the Government routine falls upon the shoulders of his deputy.

**THE SHAH EMERGES FROM HOSPITAL :** The Shah, looking thinner and somewhat haggard, leaving the National Bank Hospital in Teheran after his operation for appendicitis. He is accompanied by his consort, the Empress Soraya, who went to hospital to meet him.

**THE CRUISER "MAURITIUS" IN THE SHATT-EL-ARAB :** Britain's watchdog seen at Abadan before she was relieved last week, sailing to Basra, Iraq, to give her crew shore leave.

**THIS PARADE WAS HELD IN ABADAN OSTENSIBLY TO MARK THE END OF RAMADAN, THE HOLY FASTING MONTH, BUT ITS WIDER SIGNIFICANCE DID NOT ESCAPE THE BRITISH POPULATION. *Left*—An armoured car passing the reviewing stand where Hussein Makki, Mossadeq's right-hand man in the oil grab, took the salute. *Right*—Goose-stepping troops of the 10th Infantry Division of the Persian Army. The men were well equipped with light arms, well turned-out and gave an impression of efficiency.**

# CONCILIATION IN KOREA

THE DELEGATES OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND OF NORTH KOREA AND CHINA CONVERGE UPON THE BORDER TOWN OF KAESONG FOR THEIR VITAL TALKS

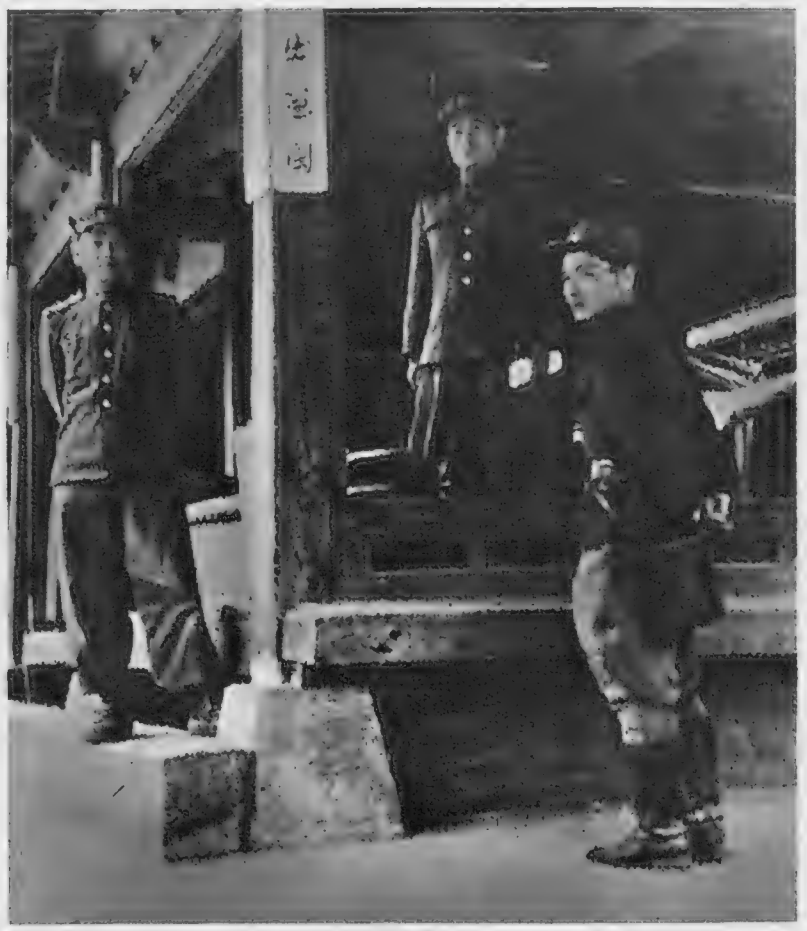
**GENERAL RIDGWAY WITH THE PEACE EMISSARIES:** General Matthew B. Ridgway (second from left) and Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet, head of the Eighth Army, talking with Vice-Admiral Charles Turner Joy (centre), Major-General Laurence C. Craigie (second from right) and Rear-Admiral Arleigh Burke, members of the main U.N. delegation to the Korean Armistice talks, on their arrival in Korea en route for the discussions at Kaesong.

**EMISSARIES' HELICOPTER TAKES OFF:** The big H-19 helicopter, carrying the three U.S. delegates to the preliminary talks at Kaesong, stirs up the dust as it begins its flight. Another machine, bearing other members of the party, is already airborne. The helicopters took off from Kimpo, near Seoul.

**THE FIRST MEETING AT KAESONG:** Standing with their backs to the camera, the Communist delegation to the preliminary truce talks at Kaesong meet the United Nations representatives. Facing the camera are (from left) Colonel James C. Murray, Colonel Andrew J. Kinney (spokesman of the U.N. delegation), Lieut.-Colonel Soo Young Lee, of the South Korean Army, Lieutenant Richard F. Underwood, Korean interpreter of the U.S. Army, and Chief Warrant Officer Kenneth Wu, Chinese interpreter of the U.S. Army. Peking radio had broadcast a reply from the Communist commanders announcing their agreement to General Ridgway's request for assurances of safe conduct for the U.N. delegates.

While initial progress at the armistice talks at Kaesong, in Korea, was officially described as "very satisfactory," words of caution against undue optimism were made by spokesmen of the United Nations. The United Nations commander, General Ridgway, told the Press he had no idea how long it might take to arrange a cease-fire, and that only from the actual performance at the conferences could it be determined whether they were being held in good faith. From the outset there were criticisms from both sides. At the preliminary talks armed Communist guards surrounded the helicopters and the house at Kaesong where the talks were held, and this seems to have aroused resentment in some circles. On the other hand, Moscow radio complained that "apparently the American delegation was not properly prepared for the discussions and was briefed by General Ridgway himself fifteen minutes before the conference was due to start. Much of this, however, may be due to the Communist desire to save face, and there was little doubt that the Chinese and North Koreans had been led to regard the United Nations' approach as coming from the vanquished side. It was possible that the same desire to save face caused the suspension of the negotiations later when the Communists refused to allow twenty newspaper correspondents to go to Kaesong."

**THE MEN WHO CAME TO PARLEY:** A U.S. Army photographer took this photograph of members of the Communist delegation to the talks at Kaesong, which took place in one of the town's few remaining mansions. Colonel Kinney, spokesman for the United Nations delegation, said that the Communist delegates were unarmed and conducted themselves as though they were the hosts. The helicopters that carried the U.N. delegates to Kaesong and the house where the talks were held were surrounded by armed Communist troops.



**THE COMMUNISTS AT THE KAESONG RENDEZVOUS:** The three members of the Communist delegation to the preliminary armistice talks in Kaesong stand outside the house where they met the United Nations Military delegates.

# HOME NEWS IN HIGH SUMMER

WELCOMING FESTIVAL VISITORS FROM THE COLONIES; THE QUEEN AT COVENT GARDEN; THE TRIUMPH OF RANDOLPH TURPIN

**MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, WELCOMES NINETY VISITORS FROM COLONIAL TERRITORIES WHO ARE ATTENDING THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN AS GUESTS OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT:** Mr. Griffiths seen speaking to the gathering at Church House, Westminster. Most of the visitors are unofficial members of the Legislative Councils of their respective territories, and they include among their number merchants from Hong Kong, Borneo and Somaliland Protectorate, a Dayak from Sarawak, a Paramount Chief from Sierra Leone, and the Crown Prince of Tonga.

**THE PRIME MINISTER IN CONVERSATION WITH THE UGANDA DELEGATES AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER:** Mr. Attlee with some of the ninety visitors from British colonial territories who are attending the Festival of Britain as guests of the Government. Mr. Attlee made a short speech of welcome to the delegates, emphasising to them that Britain was having to put up big efforts for defence at the present time, when she would much rather be devoting all her energies to social improvements. The Premier concluded by saying: "I do not talk to you in a spirit of pessimism. I think we shall come through. I think we have got the spirit to come through because we are right."

**THE LORD PROVOST OPENS EDINBURGH'S NEW £61,500 MATERNITY UNIT AND NURSES' ACCOMMODATION CENTRE AT THE EASTERN GENERAL HOSPITAL IN SEAFIELD STREET:** In the course of his speech, the Lord Provost, Mr. James Miller, who is seen standing on the right, said that "the maternity unit is now a modern one with the latest facilities." The maternity unit was first started in 1945 to relieve pressure on the unit at the Western General Hospital. It now has forty-seven beds in single, double and four-bed wards; a patients' sitting-room; nursery accommodation for babies, and a specially heated room for premature babies.

**PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVES AT A LONDON HOTEL TO PRESENT THE PRIZES AT A COOKERY COMPETITION:** The occasion was the national finals of the County Cookery Competition, organised by the Women's Gas Federation during the "Festival Fare" at the Park Lane Hotel. The Princess presented the first prize of "gas appliances and kitchen equipment for a modern gas kitchen to the total value of £250" to Mrs. Upton (Leicestershire). The second prize was won by Mrs. Bloxham (Hampshire); the third by Miss Dorothy Noble (Durham); and the fourth by Mrs. Catto (Aberdeenshire). The finals were judged by two men and two women.

**A ROYAL OCCASION AT THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE:** Acknowledging applause from the crowded Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, waves from the Royal box. The occasion was the first performance, given in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund, of the new ballet *Tiresias*, for which Mr. Constant Lambert wrote the music. The ballet, with choreography by Mr. Frederick Ashton, was commissioned by the Arts Council for the Festival of Britain, and the dual title-role was taken by Miss Margot Fonteyn and Mr. Michael Soames. In spite of a magnificent performance, the new ballet was not well received, and seems to have made no great impact on the critics. Crowds outside waited an hour to see the arrival of the Royal party. The Queen, diamonds sparkling from her tiara and necklace, wore a crinoline of lilac tulle. Princess Elizabeth wore a dress of lime-green net.

CHAIRING THE WINNER OF THE KING'S MEDAL AT BISLEY: R.Q.M.S. G. Armstrong, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, is carried shoulder-high round the camp after the announcement of his victory at the Imperial Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. The procession is headed by the band of the Parachute Regiment. Armstrong won the award with 487 points. A team from Canada and individual entries from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Kenya made up a strong overseas challenge at the annual meeting.

DRUIDIC RITES AT STONEHENGE: Members of the British Circle of the Universal Bond of the Druid Order, with an Irish piper, walk around the outside of the Circle at Stonehenge during ceremonies at their annual pilgrimage. Watched by curious onlookers, they are gathering the symbolic fire in the south, water in the north, flowers in the east and bread and salt in the west. During the day three services were held—the Service of the Golden Dawn; the noon-day service with Holy Communion and an evening meeting with addresses. The pilgrimage was this year held in connection with the Festival of Britain.

THE TRIUMPH OF RANDOLPH TURPIN, THE FIRST BRITISH CITIZEN SINCE BOB FITZSIMMONS TO GAIN THE MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD: Turpin is seen (right) delivering a powerful right cross in his fight at Earl's Court, West London, against "Sugar" Ray Robinson, the U.S. coloured holder of the middleweight title, whom he outpointed and outboxed over fifteen rounds. Turpin upset every calculation in accounting for his powerful opponent, who until this fight had only been beaten once in 130 encounters. A crowd of 18,200 gave Turpin a tumultuous ovation at the end of the fight, when after fifteen bruising rounds, of which he lost no more than two, his hand was raised in token of victory. Turpin, a twenty-three-year-old ex-Navy cook, comes of a well-known boxing family. His left-handed punching is in the best English tradition. One critic has said that he has the brain of a Len Harvey and the courage of a Jock McAvoy. Turpin has promised Robinson a return fight, which will probably take place in September.

RANDOLPH TURPIN LEAPS AND MISSES WITH HIS LEFT: The British boxer dominates this picture just as he dominated the whole fight against his more experienced American opponent. Robinson is actually half-an-inch taller than Turpin, but in the picture he appears to be a very much smaller man altogether.

THE RESTORATION OF AN EAST-END-OF-LONDON CHURCH—WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BOMB-DAMAGED CHURCH IN BOW ROAD: The church was built in 1311 and badly damaged by a bomb just over ten years ago. The tower of the church is to be rebuilt as an almost perfect replica of the old—with the exception that it will be surmounted by a four-faced clock. All that is left of the original building will be incorporated in the new. It is estimated that the restoration work will cost £30,000.

OPENING OF THE CO. ANTRIM ASSIZES: Lord Justice Porter talking to Captain D. D. Caldwell, of the Royal Ulster Rifles (centre), who commanded the guard of honour, and Mr. R. Boars, Bandmaster, Regimental Band of the Royal Ulster Rifles, after the ceremonial opening of the Co. Antrim Assizes, at the County Courthouse, Belfast, where Lord Justice Porter presided.

# INTRODUCING THE LILY-TROTTER

*This South African Bird, with its Spidery Unwebbed Feet, Appears to Walk on the Water*

Nature has produced many surprising modifications in the beaks and feet of birds, in conformity with their different modes of life. The extreme variations are most readily noticed in water-haunting birds, where even a casual observer cannot help seeing the different shapes, especially of beaks, among duck, ibis, heron, pelican, flamingo, gull, and the like. For beaks, probably the pelican should be accounted the most peculiar and exaggerated; but for peculiarity of feet no other African bird approaches the brightly-coloured and attractive little Jacana. Its feet are indeed unique in size, for from toe to heel their length is equal to the full length of the bird's entire body.

"Jacana" is the South American name given to the type species of this family, which is widespread through tropical regions. Lily-trotter, lotus-bird and water-walker are other names often used, the first being commonly preferred in Southern Africa. All of them refer either to the bird's habitat—quiet, lily-covered lagoons and backwaters—or to its apparent ability to walk on top of the water. It is certainly astonishing to watch a lily-trotter walking easily not only on the clusters of floating water-weed, but also across the open water from one lily patch to another, especially as one sees that its feet are thin and spidery and completely unwebbed. Each toe, however, is almost 4 ins. long, so that the foot has a span of 8 ins. or more from front to back and 6 ins. from side to side. This distributes the bird's weight widely over the soft water-plants, thus gathering enough support; and even in the apparently open water the long toes find two or three stems—maybe below the surface and not visible to an observer—to give them purchase as the bird scampers across. It may sink a few inches, but as its legs are bare and long no harm is done. When faced with really open water the lily-trotter takes wing to cross it, flying only 5 or 6 ft. above the surface, with its long legs and feet hanging loosely down. It flies well in need, and then the legs are stretched stiffly backwards like a heron's, but it is usually reluctant to take flights of more than a few yards at a time. It can swim when compelled, but avoids doing so as much as possible.

There are two species of lily-trotter in South Africa—the lesser, a rather insignificant, light-chestnut bird about 5 ins. high, and the greater, which is twice as tall and brilliantly coloured. The first one is comparatively rare, but the second may be found towards the tropical region on nearly every sheltered, weed-grown stretch of water. High veld or low makes no difference. Its harsh, croaking laughter and bright plumage occur on the hyacinth-choked rivers of Zululand, the municipal reservoirs of the Transvaal, or farm dams, gay with water-lilies, in Rhodesia. The plumage of the wings, back and underparts is deep maroon, matching at a distance the purple-tinted underside of a lily-pad. Its breast is white, turning to bright yellow round the edges, so that as it faces one in stillness it may be passed over unseen as another lily blossom. A wide, black stripe covers the back of the neck and top of the head, ending in a bony frontal plate which, like the beak, is milky-blue in colour.

Surely no more flimsy and perilous nest than the lily-trotter's can be made by any bird. Four eggs are laid, sometimes straight on to a lily-pad, sometimes on no more than a coil of weed, where they dip and sway as wind and water move the herbage, and wavelets splash against the eggs themselves. Occasionally the bird will add a few rush stems to strengthen the site, but there is no solidity, and a finger's pressure may submerge the whole structure.

The instability of the lily-trotter's nest presents another problem. How can a clutch be successfully incubated and hatched out when even the weight of the mother bird is enough to submerge them completely? The eggs, coffee-coloured and closely covered with black, hair-streak scrolls, have a highly-glossed shell and must be more than ordinarily water-resistant, but even so, are hardly likely to develop under water. The true answer, however, is that the parent bird does not sit on the eggs at all. The "nest" is a convenient parking-place for her eggs, no more. When she crouches over them for incubation she scoops them up with the upper section of her wings and tucks them well away from the water against her body, two on each side, using her beak to help to get them comfortably home if necessary.

The young birds, born fully covered with down and patterned in brown and buff stripes, with white under the chin, are active from the moment they leave the shell, though clumsy because of their oversized feet. They have an instinctive upreaching action, stretching their wings like a small child asking to be lifted into a mother's arms. They turn to their mother as she stands on the edge of the nest; she coaxes them nearer and tucks them in an upright position under her wings, often with their toes left dangling below in plain view. With the hatching completed, the mother tucks them all in and walks away to any place that takes her fancy, letting her family down on lily-leaf or rush pile from time to time. They grow quickly, and are capable lily-trotters in their own rights within a few days.

W. T. M.

**THE BIRD WITH A FOOT SPAN OF MORE THAN 8 INS.—THE SOUTH AFRICAN LILY-TROTTER WHICH IS APPARENTLY ABLE TO WALK ON THE WATER: The lily-trotter, the name given to the South African species of the Jacana, frequents swamps, backwaters and lily-covered lagoons and seemingly walks on the water from one lily patch to another. Its plumage is deep maroon and white, and its legs are green. The bird lays four eggs, sometimes straight on to a broad lily-pad and sometimes on no more than a coil of weed, to which it will occasionally add a few rush stems. It feeds on vegetable matter and insect life.**

**THE 4-IN. TOES OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LILY-TROTTER: The length of the bird's feet from toe to heel is equal to the full length of the body.**

**PROTECTION FOR THE YOUNG LILY-TROTTERS: Shortly after the birth of the chicks the mother tucks them in an upright position under her wings, two on each side.**

**A TWO-HOUR-OLD CHICK WANDERS AWAY FROM ITS NEST: The chicks are active from the moment they are hatched and can swim if they fall into the water. If they wander away, as they do when left to themselves, they return the moment they are recalled. The incubation period is about fourteen days and the chicks hatch out within an hour or two of each other. The breeding months are August and September.**

# THE WINTER'S TALE

John Gielgud at the Phœnix Theatre

**THE JEALOUS TYRANT: John Gielgud plays Leontes in the new production of *The Winter's Tale* at the Phœnix Theatre. In the above picture, in the first act of the play, Leontes hears his Queen, Hermione, persuading Polixenes to prolong his visit to Sicily, and thus adding fuel to the flames of his jealousy. Beside him are Camillo (Michael Goodliffe) and his son Mamillius (Robert Anderson).** John Gielgud has been generally praised for his rendering of the difficult part of Leontes, whose sudden access of jealousy, then tyranny, must establish itself in the first few speeches of the play. He dominates the first and last acts. The middle act, the pastoral interlude in Bohemia, is notable for the skilful production of Peter Brook, the settings and costumes of Sophie Fedorovitch, and the charming, picaresque Autolycus of George Rose. Diana Wynyard repeats the Hermione she played at Stratford-on-Avon; and the impressive cast also includes Flora Robson as Paulina, and Sir Lewis Casson as Antigonus. Incidental music is by Christopher Fry, better known for his verse plays, *The Lady's Not For Burning* and *Venus Observed*. He composed a piece which he called *Pharaoh's March* at the age of five. In 1934, when he was in his late twenties, he wrote the music and lyrics of *She Shall Have Music*, which was produced at the Saville Theatre.

**PAULINA APPEALS TO HER KING: Flora Robson as Paulina brings Hermione's newly-born daughter to reinforce her plea for Leontes' mercy to his Queen. But he is now far gone in his jealousy, believes the child a bastard, and orders Antigonus (right, Sir Lewis Casson) to "bear it to some remote and desert place, quite out of our dominions; and that thou there leave it . . ."**

**"FOR YOU THERE'S ROSEMARY AND RUE; THESE KEEP SEEMING AND SAVOUR ALL THE WINTER LONG": Perdita (Virginia McKenna) welcomes Polixenes (Brewster Mason), who has come in disguise to the shepherd's cottage to discover the reason why his son, Florizel, spends so much time with the old shepherd and his daughter.**

**"WHAT ADVOCATE HAST THOU TO HIM?": Autolycus (George Rose, right) questions the shepherd (George Howe) before proposing himself as advocate to the King when the old man carries to him in the "fardel" the evidence of Perdita's royal birth. On the left is Philip Guard as the Young Shepherd.**

**"CHIDE ME, DEAR STONE, THAT I MAY SAY INDEED, THOU ART HERMIONE; OR, RATHER, THOU ART SHE, IN THY NOT CHIDING": Leontes looks on Hermione (Diana Wynyard), revealed as a statue by Paulina, who has hidden her from him for sixteen years. Left to right are Flora Robson, Diana Wynyard and John Gielgud.**

# REUTERS

## THE CENTENARY OF A UNIQUE INSTITUTION

### *How the Celebrated News Agency Carries on Its World-wide Service*

*Just over 100 years ago the first German telegraphic system had for its western terminus the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. The main French northern lines ended at Verviers. Between the two points was a gap of 30 miles. It is not too much to say that this gap was the origin of the international news agencies which cover the world to-day, for the man who spanned it was Paul Julius Reuter, the bank clerk from Cassel and a friend of Gauss, one of the pioneers of electricity. Reuter realised the financial possibilities in speeding-up news, particularly of a commercial nature, between France and Germany, and in 1849 he set up an organisation at each terminus and, with an elaborate pigeon-post system, brought down the delay in transmission to the minimum possible at that time. His success was immediate, and three years later he moved to London to set up his offices in a room at the Royal Exchange and to found the firm which was to bring his name enduring fame. Last week in London Reuters celebrated their centenary with a birthday dinner, and notable people in all walks of life came to do them honour. On these pages a series of pictures take the reader behind the scenes at Reuters' Fleet Street headquarters, showing the news in process of dissemination along a world-wide network.*

What happens when hot news makes the teleprinters chatter in Reuters' wire room, which looks out to St. Paul's from Fleet Street, home of the British Press? To-day Persia may prove at any moment to be the sparking point of riot, or war. Reuters has seven men on the spot, filing stories throughout the day and night, sometimes by three routes simultaneously to beat the competition from the world's Press.

This time the story has come *via* New York more quickly than to London direct; the New York direct teleprinter operator taps out SNAP and goes straight into the message. Within seconds a boy watching the machine in London steps to the wire room door and calls "Snap coming!" Seconds later, the copy-taster is assessing the value of the news as it appears, and tearing off the brief urgent story, which will be amplified in another message. He may dictate it straight to the transmitting operator, a few steps away, so that the news is on the way to the home and foreign Press within two or three minutes of its transmission from abroad. The record minimum delay is 72 seconds.

"Copy-tasters," who choose and apportion the stories as they arrive, sub-editors, writers and re-write men are grouped around the Reuters' news desk shoulder to shoulder. The fourth floor of the Reuters' building is solid with desks and teleprinters, arranged so that the news makes the shortest possible physical journey on its way out by cable and radio. Boys bring stories minute by minute from the wire, immediately behind the copy-taster's chair; by his side is the New York direct teleprinter, over which come some of the most important stories—it is the link with all America, Japan and Korea. Every sub-editor is within arm's length, and when the edited story is ready for transmission the operators are ready to take it, immediately behind the "subs." The output of news to foreign centres, such as New York, Australia, South America, is handled by individual editors in another part of the news room. A complete Reuters' service comes over a teleprinter at their elbow, and from it they can select, edit or rewrite such material as they wish to send. Other messages are whisked down to the Creed room for automatic transmission to British provincial papers.

To the layman, the news room, with its noise and activity, is chaos. In fact, it is a masterpiece of organisation, carefully planned and foolproof in action. Outside the office, the same organisation assures Reuters' foreign correspondents of the opportunities to beat their rivals.

Grim-faced, one-time copy-boy Sidney Mason, now Chief News Editor, is the man who organises Reuters' news-getting. A story is coming from Timbuktu. Mason sees to it that Timbuktu expects the arrival of the Reuters' man, and keeps a line clear to take his cable. The only foreign call-box in a European court-house is monopolised by the opposition reporters, eating and sleeping in it to keep the line free. Mason keeps a line open to a private number in the same city, so that the Reuters' man can pass on the urgently awaited verdict, then calls the foreign call-box and keeps the line busy until he has a 45-minute beat on the hair-tearing, teeth-gnashing opposition.

Speed is only one of the basic rules of Reuters, although it is the most expensive one. The others, which have not altered in a hundred years are accuracy and impartiality. Reuter himself used to say: "If I know a man's politics, I will not employ him." Reuters does not "colour" the news with comment, and it does not send news without checking it for accuracy. In the Far East the agency's reputation was once such that in Chinese the word Reuter was used as a synonym for truth; to-day the word has probably been banished from Mao Tse Tung's vocabulary, although Moscow itself takes Reuters' service, supplementing its own Tass agency.

**THE HEADS OF REUTERS IN CONFERENCE IN FLEET STREET:** Mr. C. Fleetwood May, European Manager; Mr. H. B. Carter, Secretary; Sir Christopher Chancellor, General Manager; and Mr. Walton A. Cole, Managing Editor, conferring together. Behind them is a map of the world—their province. Last week Sir Christopher Chancellor was host to 1,000 guests at the centenary dinner of Reuters held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Pictures taken at the dinner appear on page 97 of this issue. On these pages are recorded facets of the work of the agency in the maintenance of its service.

**BARON JULIUS DE REUTER: The portrait of the founder of the great news agency which hangs in the conference-room of Reuters in Fleet Street.** Below the portrait are three telephones. When Julius Reuter opened his London office in 1851 he had no telephone and only a twelve-year-old office boy to assist him.

**A COPY-TASTER AT WORK: His task is to assess the value of the story before him in terms of news in relationship to particular requirements of papers.** He may pass it to a sub-editor or to a re-write man, together with verbal instructions. On the other hand, it may go out immediately as a "hot news snap." Operators, who transmit the stories from Reuters' London office, sit within a yard of the sub-editors.

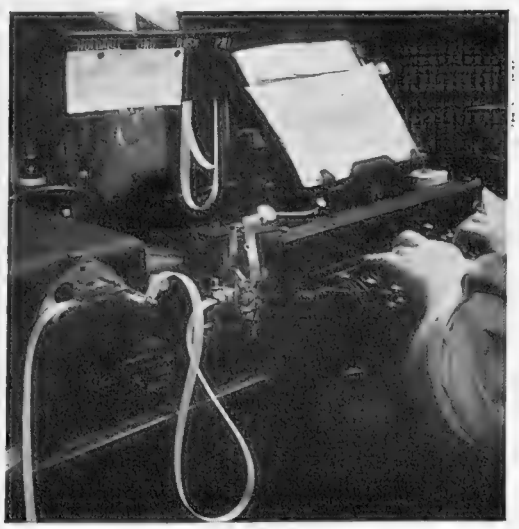
**PART OF THE NEWS ROOM AT REUTERS: This is known as the India desk. The clocks on the wall in the background compare Indian standard time with Greenwich Mean Time, enabling Reuters' staff to catch the Indian editions before they go to press. Every conceivable method is used to speed the news, and sometimes, indeed, the same message may be relayed through three channels, to make sure it gets to its destination ahead of rival agencies.**

**NEWS TRANSMISSION BY CREED MACHINE: Below the machines lie the hundreds of strips of paper tape which have been used to transmit the news from Reuters' London headquarters to the provincial papers. The tape is saved for a few hours in case a re-run is required, then it is thrown out, sackful after sackful of it.** Since the Second World War, Creeds have introduced a multi-channel teleprinter system utilising a five-unit code instead of morse. The individual machines send and receive at sixty-six words a minute. The system enables an existing four-wire telephone circuit to be electronically divided into a maximum of eighteen simultaneous two-way teleprinter channels. Such an installation, using all possible channels on one circuit, can therefore handle a traffic of over 1,100 words a minute in either direction at the same time.

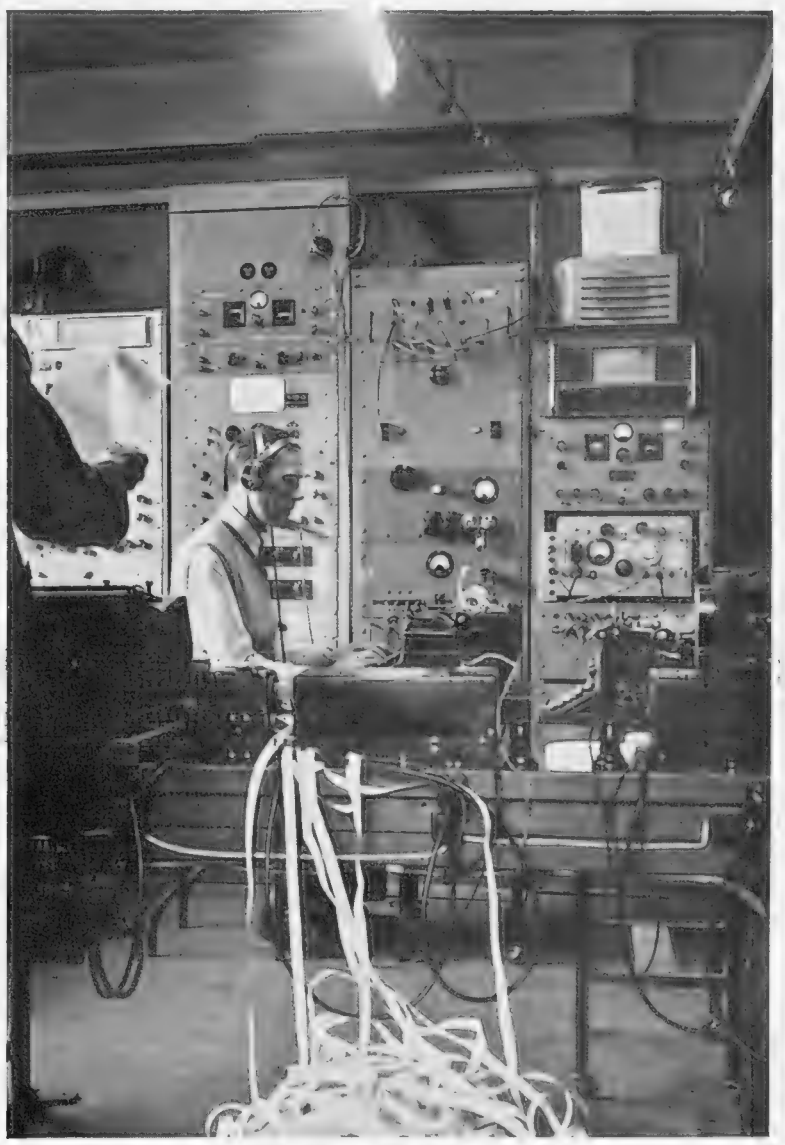
**WITHIN SIGHT OF ST. PAUL'S: In the wire room at Reuters news from all parts of the world comes in on a dozen teleprinters which never stop humming and clicking all round the clock. The development of the teleprinter has revolutionised news gathering and distribution. Within a few minutes of an important speech being made in the House of Commons the teleprinter has transmitted it to all the leading newspapers.**

**IN THE NEWS ROOM AT REUTERS: Here with speed, accuracy and impartiality the copy is tasted, sub-edited and re-transmitted. The task goes on day and night. The fourth floor of Reuters' London headquarters in Fleet Street is solid with desks and teleprinters.**

**KEEPING HIS HOURLY CHECK OF WORDAGE SENT BY RADIO BEAM TO SOUTH AFRICA:** Apparently, when this picture was taken 23,954 words of Test Match news had gone out by 5 p.m. On all Test Match days the "traffic is heavy" with ball by ball reports of the game going to the South African Press.



**HOLES PUNCHED IN PAPER TAPE CARRY THE NEWS TO THE WORLD: The Hellschreiber machine perforates the tape which is fed through the transmitter as fast as it comes off the "plain writer." Messages can be sent by cable or beam by this code, and they can be reproduced in plain letters at the receiving end.**



**REUTERS' RADIO MONITORING STATION AT BARNET, IN NORTH LONDON, LISTENS TO FOREIGN RADIO STATIONS ROUND THE CLOCK: The station uses twenty languages and sifts many hundreds of thousands of words a day. The teleprinter links the station with the wire room in the Fleet Street office. During the war, Reuter war correspondents broadcast their despatches direct to Barnet, where sets were kept tuned in to them.**

*New Lamps and Old*

# THE BEACHES BLACK WITH HUMANITY

*Some Thoughts on Our Southern Coastline*

BY JOHN GORE

OUR SOUTHERN COASTLINE.—I am old enough to remember a day when Nature held still some sway over our seashore in Southern England. I remember Milford-on-Sea when the cows browsed down to the low shore cliffs and farmyard noises came from the shore-side farms. I remember Rottingdean as a pretty village, and Littlehampton and Bognor as pleasant seaside towns; indeed, I remember Bournemouth when it was a watering-place with golden sands to the south and lovely country bordering the forest inland. Then, about 1912, I was in Canada, and in France or Flanders or Germany until 1919, and had no opportunity to revisit our Southern coastline. When in the years between the wars I had occasion to visit it again, I found a transformation indeed. Democracy had triumphed, the open air had become "the heritage of all," and private enterprise had done in a very brief space of time its unplanned worst. Access to the sea was barred to all by a rash of upturned railway coaches, shacks, Kosie Korners and barbed wire, and all the coastline from Essex to Dorset looked more like the ruins of Clapham Junction after an air raid, the only planned buildings on the shore being the estate agents' busy offices. Peacehavens were rising everywhere to reveal the taste and ingenuity of those who believed in some sort of planning as a means of increasing the profits of pioneer realtors.

Another war came, and a Socialist Government introduced a planned economy, and a number of official organisations came into being to co-ordinate and control the development of our sea coast as a heritage and recreative centre for a classless society.

**Keep Off.**—These well-meaning efforts have not made the sea more accessible to the general public. When the rich harvests from the shrewd purchase and development of shore properties were curtailed, the realtors found other means whereby adequate returns on outlay could be obtained. In lieu of gipsy encampments, planned private estates became the order of the day, padlocked gates and private roads led on to mock-Tudor cottages and bungalows, each with a garden worthy of expensive "gnomes" and a shingled garage worthy of a Rolls-Royce; and everywhere in the swollen sea-cities and in the area of the seaside private estates, notices warning "outsiders" to keep off or keep moving were hoisted at intervals of a few yards.

"No parking," "Private," "Keep off," "Reserved for residents," "No entry," "Do not trespass," "No access for cars"—all these warnings, reinforced with rusty barbed wire, advised the stranger that the foreshore in those parts was strictly reserved for those who owned property in the privileged estates. Such to-day is the once pleasant country by the sea between (for example) Littlehampton and Havant. Much of it is very neat, very trim, very respectable. The shacks and old railway coaches are a thing of the past. The new owners of the shore own big cars and motor-mowers, and drainage, electricity and water are laid on. The sewage-cart now plies, if it does ply, among the caravan settlements in the few undeveloped fields between the settlements.

But every dwelling—caravan or mock-Tudor manor—implies the possession of a handsome car, and the conclusion remains that Socialism has created indeed a new class of "property owners." But in that fine achievement it has not succeeded in killing the age of privilege, surviving from the bad old days. The sea is far more inaccessible than ever it was to the unprivileged. Only "property owners" can have access to it.

It is true that even property owners do not enjoy their privileges as keenly as once they might. For the golden sands are no longer very pleasant to lie on. They bear on their surface a thick film of black oils and tar, studded with broken glass, cartons and greasy paper. Under private enterprise and public planning, democracy has triumphed over the seashore and, first, the humble poor and, second, the property owner (new style) have, with generous help from science, seen to it that that which a few enjoyed once, none shall fully profit from to-day.

**A Mathematical Problem.**—There remained a few narrow stretches of coastline which for one reason or other had so far proved unsuitable for development either as shack towns or smug towns. One such was in recent years our family venue for bathing. It lay beside Chichester Harbour overlooking the Isle of Wight in flat and uninteresting country. Here, up to a year or two ago one could peg out quite a parcel of shore-space and wade out in solitude through the shallow water to bare swimming depth. Enterprise had not troubled to develop it very elaborately. There were facilities for car-parking, some attempt at a track along the "links," and one tiny shack where buns and soft drinks could be obtained.

But this haven to-day is everybody's secret. At the week-end, at any rate, the car park is like Goodwood's car parks, the dust churned up by the continuous stream of cars, going and coming, rises like a (dry) sea mist. The broad beach is black with humanity. I fancy it was the last surviving pocket of resistance.

We are a very tightly packed little island, but we are still an island. That implies that we have more coastline than Belgium, another small country very thickly populated. I am no mathematician. I should be interested to read the calculations of an expert in figures to show how much shore space England can afford to every individual of her 50,000,000 citizens, if we all went one day to the sea *en masse*.

The Americans prefer to enjoy themselves in queues. They are not shy of eating, making love, bathing and dozing *en masse*. We are said by American observers to be still unique and incurable in our preference for solitude in all forms of recreation. I think these observers are behind the times. I fancy our national character has greatly changed and the vast bulk of our population to-day out-Americas America in their preference for crowds and queues. Solitude, I believe, frightens or bores most of us. If this is not so, why does one-tenth of our population every summer week-end congest my once secret haven which covers only one-millionth of the acreage of our Southern sea coast? Can it be that the new property-owners' barbed wire to-day bars us from most of our heritage?

## FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN AND FESTIVAL OF FRANCE

**THE VILLAGE OF LACOCK'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: Girls in period costumes stroll through the streets of the old-world Wiltshire village en route to the Old English Fayre. Over 300 acres, including the Abbey, most of the village, the Manor Farm and Bewley Common belong to the National Trust. It was at Lacock in 1839 that Fox Talbot invented the photographic process called after his name. Lacock invariably attracts a host of summertime visitors.**

*On right—*

**FESTIVITIES IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: Young dancers in action in the People's Park at St. Helier, Jersey, where they have been taking part in La Semaine Française. Representatives of ten French provinces wearing their traditional provincial costumes participated in this special week of celebration on the island.**

## "WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland and Eire, £5 16s. 6d. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Xmas Number).

# The Wedding of the Season

## THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE WEDDING OF THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

**ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON : *Left*—The bride, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, twenty-four-year-old daughter of the eighth Duke of Buccleuch. *Right*—The Duchess of Gloucester (herself a Montagu-Douglas-Scott before her marriage) arriving with her son, Prince Richard, who was one of the pages at the wedding. The bridegroom was Mr. Ian Hedworth Gilmour, son of Sir John Gilmour and a cousin of Lord Blandford, and an ex-Guards officer.** Mounted and foot police had to turn out in force to control the crowds outside the Abbey, and there were 1,700 guests within the Abbey—600 of them friends and employees from the Duke of Buccleuch's Scottish and Boughton estates. Three generations of royalty accepted invitations to the wedding, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Richard of Gloucester. Queen Mary was not at the Abbey, but later in the day she attended the reception at Syon House, Brentford.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH : The Queen and her elder daughter arriving at the Abbey. The Queen wore pale orchid pink.**

**MOMENT OF SUNSHINE AS THEY LEFT THE ABBEY : Mr. Ian Gilmour and his bride, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, followed by their retinue of attendants, including Prince Richard of Gloucester.**

**CUTTING THE CAKE AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION : The bride and bridegroom at Syon House, near Brentford, where they were toasted by no fewer than 1,700 guests.**

**AFTER THE ORDEAL OF THE WEDDING THEY PLAYED HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE GROUNDS OF SYON HOUSE : The young attendants leaving Westminster Abbey hand-in-hand.**

**THE OFFICIAL WEDDING GROUP : Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth with the bride and bridegroom and their attendants. Others in the group are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, parents of the bride; Sir John and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, parents of the bridegroom; Mr. Jeremy Tree, the best man; the Earl of Dalkeith, brother of the bride; Lady Caroline Percy, Miss Charmain Scott, Miss Rosemary Scott, Miss Frances Scott, Miss Pamela Sturt, Miss Mary Ann Bowles, Miss Jane Gregory Hood and Miss Cherry Cairns, the eight bridesmaids. Also in the group are seen the four pages, including Prince Richard of Gloucester.**

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# "JUDGMENT on DELTCHEV"; A VINTAGE AMBLER

*A Novelist Who Leaves Far Too Long a Gap Between His Works; This Time He Chooses a Balkan Setting*

COUNTING up the years since Mr. Eric Ambler last had a novel published, I make it ten, or even more, and that, Mr. Ambler, is far too long. How about another one next year, and yet another in 1954? The present book, JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), makes one greedier than ever for more. The story is set, as others of his have been, in a Balkan country of indeterminate identity but positive discomfort, the latter provided not so much through a lack of good food and good beds as by a perpetual atmosphere of tension and suspicion.

The action—and this being a really vintage Ambler, there is plenty of action—is seen through the eyes of one Foster, an English writer who has been commissioned by an American newspaper to report the trial of a political leader, Deltchev. The case and its conduct seem to follow a hideously familiar pattern of dazed confession and inevitable sentence, and Foster is at first only concerned with his reports and with the mechanics of getting them out of the country. Then he, too, becomes involved in a way he would never have dreamed possible, and the chase is on. It is an absorbing story, and it has the best last line, in its context, that I have read for months.

Time, too, has made one forget what a good writer of short stories Mr. H. E. Bates is. COLONEL JULIAN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of fifteen of them that challenge comparison with the work of the masters in this exacting art. Most of the tales have a country setting, quiet, solid, unremarkable, English and beautiful, and against these tranquil backgrounds men's blundering or malicious actions stand out in vivid relief. I saw the other day some photographs that were both coloured and stereoscopic, and found myself gazing at them through the little black box of the viewing apparatus for a much longer time than I would have spent on ordinary, flat likenesses. Mr. Bates' work has something of this bright, three-dimensional quality, in which the subjects seem so near that one might stretch out a hand and touch them. And for him there is no film, no tinting and no mechanical device, but just the old, powerful medium of the written word.

For those who would like to learn what it was like to be a member of a heavy bomber crew in an American unit in Italy during the war, there is Mr. Louis Falstein's first novel, THE SKY IS A LONELY PLACE (Rupert Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.). It is an effective piece of work in that it leaves the reader with a strong impression, and that the impression hardly fades as one comes to reflect on the book, but it has other characteristics which will not be so universally popular, amongst them its almost painstaking brutality and a sentimentality at the other side of the scales which compensates but does not necessarily edify. It is important, I know, to try to understand what the soldiers of other countries feel like in combat, or even in their leisure hours, but sometimes it is more than a little disconcerting.

IMAGE IN THE DUST (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is something rather new; a novel about love and motor-racing. Tired old cynics may find the second subject of more interest than the first and they may also be right, although there is something quite touching about the youthful seriousness of the little romance. (One forgets how glum young people can be, even in the middle of a romantic attachment!) But the details of the cars and the race-track somewhere in Sussex, and the actual mechanics of the business are as fascinating, if followed with the attention that Mr. Warwick Scott's technical writing deserves. It is not often that one reads an expert account of driving a car, whether in a race or on a road, and although one wouldn't wish for it in every book one picked up, it is freshly interesting and even exciting in a light novel of this kind.

It says a great deal for Miss Jane Oliver's talent that she can take as far away a period as the beginning of the fourteenth century and make it a time of immediate interest to us, bringing historical events before us as if they were news stories. THE LION IS COME (Collins. 10s. 6d.) deals with the struggles and victories of William Wallace, of Robert Bruce and of Douglas, and its *leitmotif* is patriotism. When Miss Oliver reconstructs the battles of Stirling Bridge, Falkirk and Bannockburn, she does it with such vigour and, in a way, with such authority that it is as if the first authentic version was being set down. She must be given another good mark, too, for the reluctance with which she accepts historical legends and the energy with which, on occasion, she destroys them.

**SEALING AMERICA'S MOST TREASURED DOCUMENT:** An engineer of the National Bureau of Standards, Washington, D.C., soldering a leak detector cell on the airtight case containing the original document of The Declaration of Independence. The Declaration, together with the U.S. Constitution, are being sealed in glass-bronze cases containing 99·99 per cent. pure helium, the idea being to preserve them "for as long as man can foresee." The entire operation of sealing is expected to be completed with a ceremony on September 17.

Miss Josephine Tey, who once wrote a very good play indeed as Gordon Daviot, is mainly known to us as the author of mysteries and detection stories, but in her new novel and in an admirably original plan, she has combined the two sides of her writing interests, and given us a present-day inquiry by a very modern young detective-inspector into the greatest scandal of Richard III's reign. THE DAUGHTER OF TIME (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) shows in its design something of the same cool, scientific spirit of research as demonstrated by Miss Oliver.

RIVERS PARTING (W. H. Allen. 11s. 6d.) is an historical romance, pure and not so simple, for the story, which opens in Nottingham in 1628 and ends in New Hampshire forty years later, is almost excessively full of journeyings and happenings. There is the famous Goose Fair, of course, and reference to Robin's merry men, and there is the Great Plague and the Fire of London, as well as hazardous sea voyages and savage Red Indians and puritanical law-abiders in Massachusetts. Shirley Barker, in other words, is a far from miserly writer and if length and incident is any guide, has here written a most satisfying book.

BADOLI THE OX (Allen and Unwin. 42s.) is a departure from the banal, or even the expected. This is a volume of stories arranged and retold by Mr. Myles Bourke, who has collected them over many years in their original Bantu form. The decorations by Stella Bailey are both charming and appropriate, and the whole production very handsome.

For fifty years the life of Reuters, the great news agency, and the life of Sir Roderick Jones were almost one, so that coming to write his autobiography, Sir Roderick has found it fitting to give a history of the one which necessarily includes a personal history. A LIFE IN REUTERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is an impressive book from two aspects: as a history of a hundred years in the development of a business which has spread itself, "persuasively" the author says, over the whole globe; and as a record of a single man's part in that expansion. For twenty-five years Sir Roderick was chairman and "chief" of Reuters, until his name and the firm's became synonymous. Reuters was his hobby as well as his work, and through his connection with it his knowledge and his experience were worldwide. First as a journalist and finally as an executive who never lost touch with the journalist, he knew the world of the Press and the politician, and it is small wonder that his book should be in some sort a history of our own times.

Two novelists and now a biographer among this week's authors have challenged generally accepted historical theories, probed them and come to their own conclusions. The biographer is Mr. Cyril Hughes Hartmann who, in THE KING'S FRIEND (Heinemann. 18s.), has written a life of Charles Berkeley, Viscount Fitzhardinge and Earl of Falmouth. He was a close friend of Charles II and it is said that when Berkeley was killed in the Battle of Lowestoft by a Dutch cannon-ball, Charles wept for his loss. This is a period in which Mr. Hartmann specialises, and the object of his research here has been to discover whether Berkeley was in fact the bad character and evil influence which he was held to be by his contemporaries. Pepys was openly an enemy, and what Pepys chronicled in his prejudice may have passed for the truth in this matter. At least, that is a theory and the author pursues it with wit and point.

Time, and its essence, is the theme of Mr. Walter de la Mare's new long poem, THE WINGED CHARIOT (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), in which we find the poet still a matchless spinner of words.

"So, in a flash, my heaped-up years I span
To fill *this* Now, as, with uplifted pen
I match that child with this scarce-changed old man. . . ."

The work of Henry Vaughan, that magical poet, is used as a particular example of the central thesis of Mr. S. L. Bethell's erudite book, THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (Dobson. 15s.). This is a study of the schism between "thought" and "feeling" which has exerted such an influence on literature during the past 300 years, and in its course the theology, the philosophy and the literature of the seventeenth century are examined.

# TURNER

## THE GREAT LANDSCAPIST WHO SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF HIS FIRST BIOGRAPHER

Few men have enjoyed from boyhood to old age the continual fame and acclaim which surrounded the name of Joseph Mallord William Turner, and few men have ever been so seldom seen in public, for Turner was a recluse, both in mind and body, who never flinched from treading any path, however solitary, provided it led him to his goal. His art was an endless adventure, and throughout his life he strove to make light and colour approach ever closer to the glories of Nature. He was never really understood by his own age, however, despite the appreciation accorded him by his many patrons, and after he died his name suffered at the hands of his first biographer. Turner died in 1851, and it was left to Thornbury to produce the first biography of him, which appeared ten years later. It was full of inaccuracies and bad taste, and although the critics trounced it roundly, there was sufficient demand to produce a second edition in 1877, and this, in turn, spread the inaccuracies even wider. As the years passed, Thornbury's *Life* actually became accepted as the standard work on Turner, and later biographers fell under its baleful spell. It was not until 1939 that many of the old, persisting falsehoods were finally swept away through the patient and scholarly research of A. J. Finberg, and it is partly on this new and more solid foundation that Mr. Charles Clare, Registrar of the Courtauld Institute, bases his new volume in the "British Painters" Series, J. M. W. TURNER: HIS LIFE AND WORK (Phœnix House. 18s.). This is an admirable production with colour-plates and monochrome illustrations of the highest standard, and, although much detail has had to be confined within 120 pages, the main trends of Turner's crowded life are well set out. Mr. Clare shows how Turner forestalled the Impressionists by forty years, and it was not until Camille Pissarro, Monet and Sisley visited London in 1870 that the full implication of his work was realised.

The frontispiece of Hylton Cleaver's SPORTING RHAPSODY (Hutchinson's Library of Sports and Pastimes. 15s.) contains a photograph entitled "The Art of Good Spectating" and consisting of an array of faces looking out upon what is presumably a field of play. Mr. Cleaver then proceeds to describe who is sitting upon his left and right, assuming that all the world knows the lineaments of his own countenance. This is a mistake, and an unpromising prelude to Mr. Cleaver's impressions of the sporting scene, the record of half a lifetime of watching the great and the near-great upon the running tracks, in the sports arenas, and upon the rivers of the world. In his memories of the sporting personalities of our time, Mr. Cleaver pays a glowing tribute to the track genius of Sidney Wooderson, a runner of superb judgment whose races against Slykhuis, the Dutchman, Lovelock, the New Zealander, and Anderson, the Swede, will, he says, grow into legends. In his chapter "The Best Game of All," Mr. Cleaver lets himself go on his favourite sport, Rugby, while there is a final chapter upon the Olympiad. *Sporting Rhapsody* is a most readable book, and rhapsodising with Mr. Cleaver is a pleasant and nostalgic experience.

Of a much more factual character, but intended for a cricketing public immersing itself in statistics from boyhood to advanced old age, is W. N. Roe's PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET, 1901-1950 (Max Parrish. 15s.). There is a chapter on each of seventeen public schools, each contributed by an expert upon the school in question. D. J. Knight, for instance, writes on Malvern cricket, while the Hon. G. W. Lyttelton discourses on the game at Eton. This is a volume which many a public-school man will treasure, but there are bound to be some hard feelings among the schools left out in the cold. The only answer, it seems, will have to be a new and enlarged edition in 1952.

OXFORD: UNIVERSITY AND CITY (Art and Technics. 21s.) is the work of Mr. A. R. Woolley who, in presenting this new guide, has written it as a consecutive history, instead of treating the story of each college and institution separately. Mr. Woolley pays fitting tributes to those two modern-day benefactors of the university, Lord Nuffield, the one-time Oxford garage proprietor who has founded a college bearing his own name, and M. Antoine Besse, the French industrialist, whose creation of St. Antony's can play a vital part in fostering Anglo-French understanding. M. Besse's death has been a tragic blow to Oxford.

There is already a vast library of books about London, but in WANDERINGS IN LONDON (Methuen. 15s.) Sadolin makes no attempt to compete with anything that has gone before. His series of personal impressions, written and drawn, have the charm of spontaneity, and even the Londoner himself will take pleasure in exploring in his company, whether it be on the heights of Hampstead, in Chelsea Village, or amid the pubs and clubs of theatreland, for Mr. Sadolin has a lively curiosity and a sharp eye.

TO AFRICA FOR CHIMPANZEES (Victor Gollancz. 16s. 6d.) is Bill Westley's story, full of humour, excitement and adventure of a visit to the jungle to capture apes vitally needed for "polio" research. Negley Farson provides the introduction and a whole-hearted recommendation. "His quarry was apes," writes Mr. Farson, "but he has taken some gorgeous side-swipes at man."

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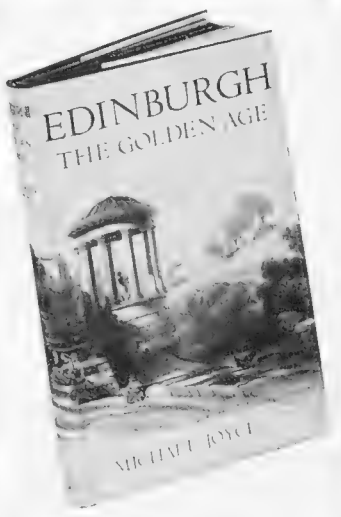


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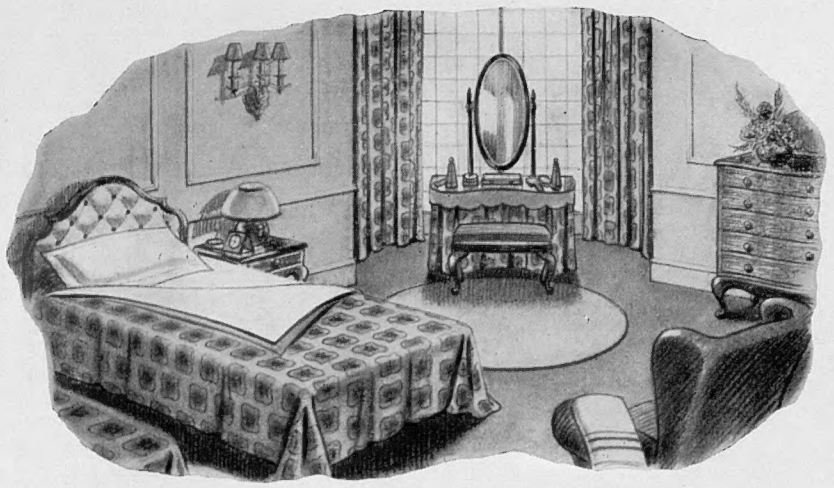

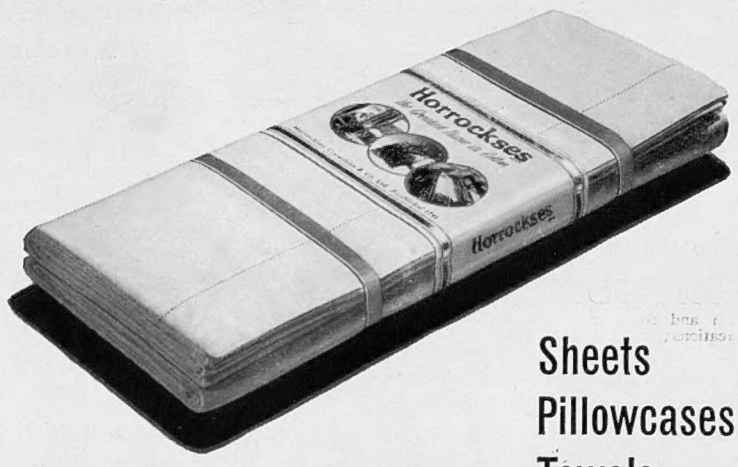


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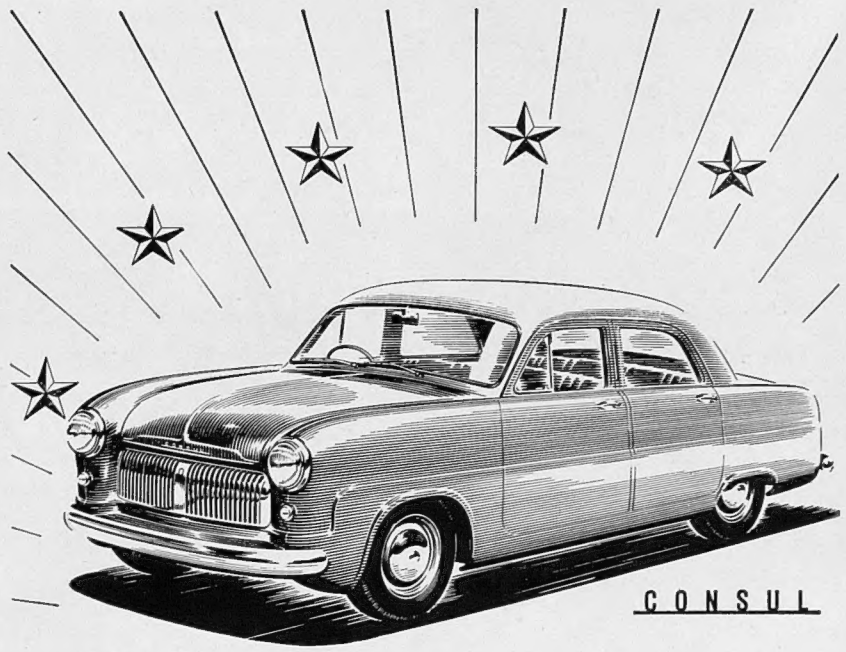


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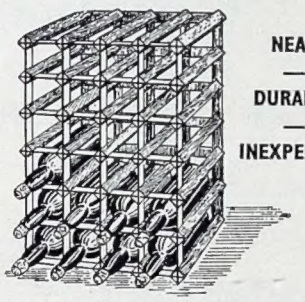

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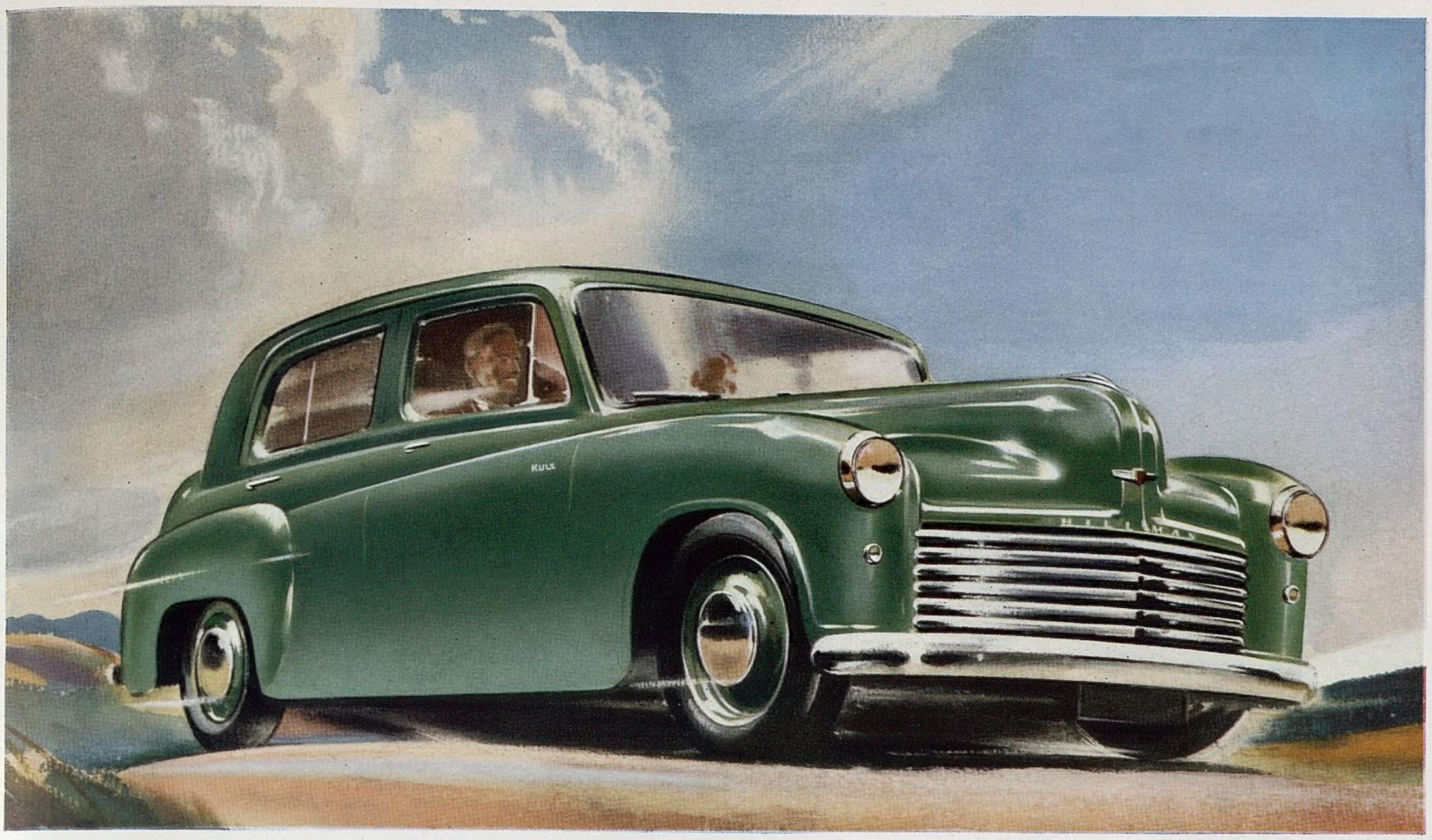

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* *This map is reproduced as the frontispiece to a descriptive folder of Central London, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept.* ( H.2. ) *Fort Dunlop, Birmingham,* 24

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